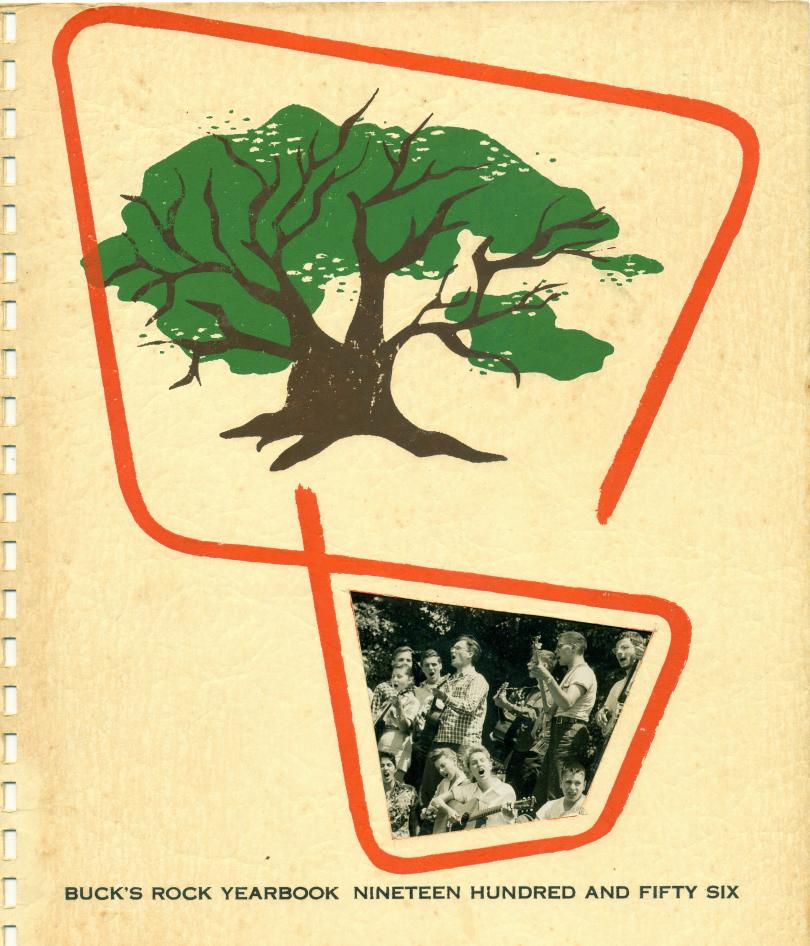


"when the spirit says sing..."







PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE CAMPERS OF BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT

this is BUCK'S ROCK

lantents



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WE DANNY WILE OAK LEAVES DESIGNED BY BARBARA MILLER

uck's Rock

and its spirit

which have brought us together

we dedicate

our Yearbook.

a Message from Ernie...



nce again, we come to the end of another summer. Soon you will be returning to your homes and I am sure that everyone will say, "How you have grown; How well you look; so sun-burnt and healthy," but only you can know how you look and feel from inside and whether you have really grown.

And I feel that you have and that you know yourself a little better; if this is so, then indeed this has been a beneficial summer for you as well as for us.

I think that this summer has given you the incentive to develop new abilities, talents and interests and the knowledge and courage to go about it successfully. At the beginning of the summer, I told you that Buck's Rock was built on the educational principle of "Opportunity" and "Freedom of Choice." You have now lived through the experience of testing your own courage and determination in making free choices and working through them to successful conclusions. As time goes on, you might modify that approach, just as we, the staff of Buck's Rock, keep an eye and mind on the necessity of change whenever we think that it will benefit us. But the basic principles that we have developed here remain the same, just as your basic principles of achieving a happy and purposeful life that you are beginning to form will from now on crystallize into permanent patterns.

The awareness of this will serve you well in the future. Remember that the road to maturity you have now entered upon begins with the resolution that you made so many times this summer: "I will try!" Remember that even though it may become difficult at times, you can overcome that hurdle as you did this summer by saying: "I will try again!" And remember there is courage and strength within you to keep you on that path to maturity. You have shown courage and strength, industriousness and perseverance many times this summer. From now on, if you will only look within you and recall the qualities you have shown at Buck's Rock, and have confidence in yourself and in these qualities within you, you will find the answer to much that you are seeking, since most of the time that answer is within ourselves.

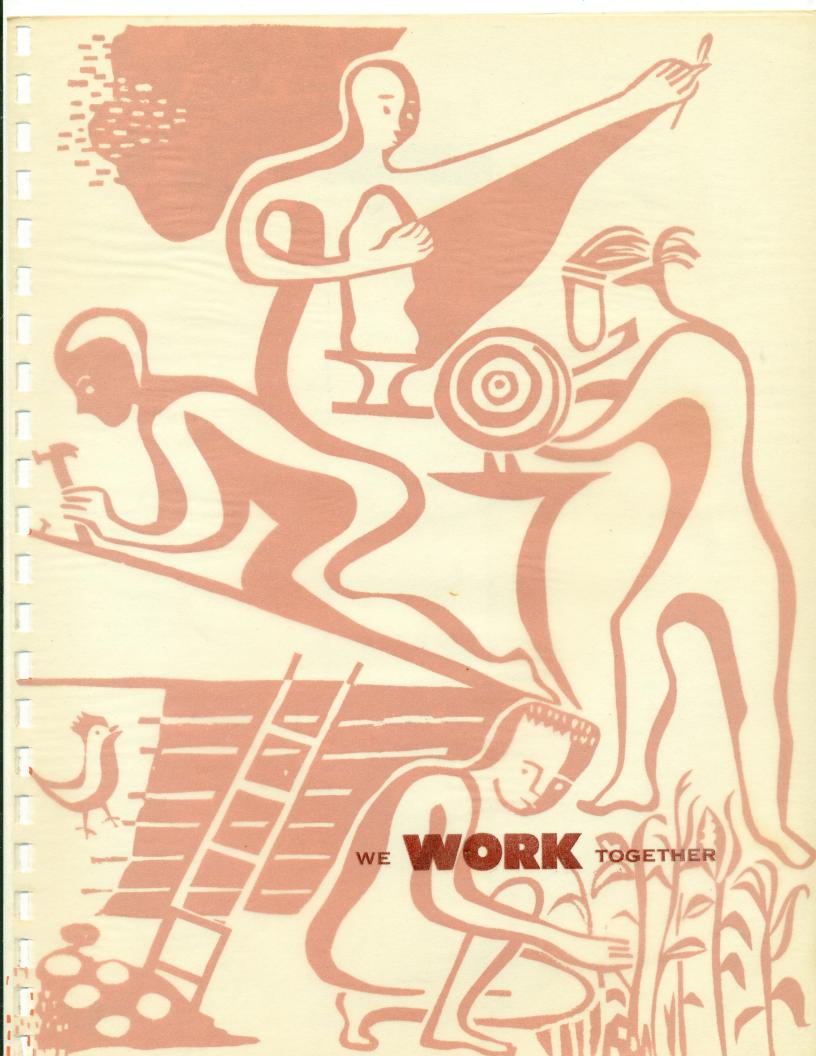
We shall be looking forward to seeing many of you again next summer. And again, we shall keep on striving to develop the best that is within us, for our own sakes, for the sake of our fellow human beings beside us, and for the sake of the world we live in...

We, the staff of Buck's Rock, now say...Good Bye...Have a wonderful year. It was good to have had you here and to know that you have taken an important part of Buck's Rock with you when you say to yourself: "It's up to me!"

Ernst

t Buck's Rock, a camp of many people, everyone is able to be with friends. We find friends with whom to work, to create, to play, and to live. Out of the sharing of experiences and responsibility, grows the spirit of Buck's Rock. Wherever you look in this Yearbook, we hope you will see that spirit reflected in the stories and pictures of people together. Because, here at Buck's Rock, we are together.

Jur lives at Buck's Rock are enriched by the opportunities to work with one another. Whether it's working on the farms, husking corn or taking care of the animals, or building something that will long be in existance, such as the Wood Shop or the Print Shop annex, we gain skills and understanding and we have a feeling of cooperation. In the shops, we have a chance to develop our talents and we are free to express ourselves. We work and we create beauty.



"throw it!"

Do you ever get that "oozy" feeling? The Ceramics Shop helps you to release your inner emotions. There you can sculpt, make tiles, use the potter's wheel, sweep floors, dirty clothes, clean-up, and fight Elay fights, If you're not very artistic, but business-minded, you can work on production. Moids are poured, trimmed, and sanded daily for at least they re supposed to bel, to produce the differently shaped vases, the fruit compotes, and the sugar and creamer sets that will be sold. When using the potter's wheels there are many different methods techniques you can use. Many campers have been able to master the wheel, but if you find it too confusing to raise a vase or other pottery, you can go quietly into a corner, as many have done, and relieve your frustration by sculpturing a human, an animal, or an imaginary figure.

PHOTO

with MARTIN WEISS . ARTHUR LAUFER

"I thought it was developer!"

The Buck's Rock spirit is in the air in the simil! but busy Photo Shop. This shop is open twelve hours a day with campers who are enlarging, developing, and printing pictures, and sometimes messing up film. On the three enlargers in the shops darkroom, photos are turned out by the hundreds for the WEEDER'S DIGEST, Yearbook, and postcards. Group pictures are taken of all the campers, and photo trips are taken during the season to beautiful places. In the beginning of August, a new fad was started - photograms. Beautiful astronomical scenes were reproduced with a handful of sand. The finest of these and of photos taken during the summer are exhibited at Festival.

"to-day is kony-tail day!"

It all takes place under the striped awning, leather craft, a new addition to the Buck's Rock curriculum. Beginners and experienced workers enjoy the thrill of making an originally designed product.

When morning arrives, campers flock to the shop to make belts, guitar strings, pony tail barettes, wallets, key and eyeglass cases, pocketbooks, and other practical leather products. The material used in the production is leather, of good quality, mostly soft or hard cowhide. The colors vary from black to lovely pastels.

Leathercraft has proved a popular and successful activity.

ELECTRONICS with AL WEISSMAN

"Q5T ... Q5T ... Q5T ... 1" Entering the Boys House lounge, one hears a weird combination of "CQ HELLO CQ CQ" and Beethoven's Fifth. The CQ's are from the "ham" or Radio Amateur shack; with one of five licensed amateurs operating, onlookers watching, and someone playing the piano in the background. Though hampered by low power, we occasionally manage to contact New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. It is when we really do speak to someone that the excitement begins. After managing to fight the interference, we pull through his name and perhaps his locality. If the shop is quietyenough, we then try to make ourselves heard. We also have classes in Morse Code and radio theory.

Though the shop is new, the fun of working in electronics and the interest it has a roused indicate that it may well become permanent here.

"Is everbody miserable?"

Some of us come to the Wood Shop to find out what Dave means when his melodious voice booms these words out above the racket. We stay, and amidst the sawdust, noise, and machinery, we begin to work on a bowl. Then we come again to make for ourselves such articles as book-shelves, trays, chairs, boards for games, and frames for mosaics. Sometimes we join the production group which is turning out bowls, cheese - cutting boards, or cigarette boxes for sale. Noteonly do we make these things, but we learn about wood, wood-finshing, and the use of hand and power tools. All of us, those who have never worked with wood before, and those who are somewhat experienced, find it instructive, interesting, and creative.

ART METAL

WITH ALVIN PINE

"Put it on paper!"

The most important part of the work in the Art Metal Shop is design. When you first bring your design to Al, he says, "No!" Next it's "mmmnhh" and after a while, "Maybe..." When the design has been improved enough to be acceptable, you begin work on a ring, a belt buckle, a pair of candlesticks, or a mobile. If you don't want to work out your own design, you can help make cuff—links, pendants, and keychains for production. You work, in this shop, with sterling silver and also aluminum, copper and pewter. The Art Metal Shop, in spite of being the smallest shop in size, draws a large group of campers, and the people in it hope that it will be able to move to much larger quarters when the Wood Shop moves to its new home.

PRINT

with ADELE WEISS and JULIA WINSTON

and RICHARD LEVY and HANK BERG

The Print Shop, the recent recipient of a much appreciated annex, is a very popular shop at Buck's Rock. The original building is filled with campers working the printing presses, and cranking, feeding and slipsheeting the mimeograph machines. Despite torn stencils, inked rollers (a process requiring much ingenuity and skill on the part of the feederl, clogged mats, and the interfering counselors, the shop manages to mimeograph all the articles of the WEEDER'S DIGEST and the Yearbook, and to print individual and camp stationery, and some special pages for the publications. In the annex, the art and literary division, our scribes are busy writing articles and typing and drawing on stencils. There are many other jobs done in both parts of the shop on stencils, such as correcting, ripping, patching, tearing, and glueing.

"what shall we sing?

Upholding the motto, "Love thy Print Shop worker as thyself" through discussions, disagreements, and disputes, we manage to complete our work with a minimum of injuries, have a lot of fun, and learn the art of mimeography, printing, and journalism at the same time.

"may ART squeegee?"

WITH PHOEBE AND JACK SONNENBERG . SUS ! WILLNER

While some people are busy with their own individual art projects, others are turning out silk-screened covers and pages for the WEEDER'S DIGEST and the Yearbook. As Festival draws near, people in the Art Shop are producing the pages of a beautiful calendar. The pictures are made from silkscreens, woodcuts, and etchings. Each picture represents a scene suitable for the particular month.

Shops reported by Joan Schloessinger, Jonathan Marks, Lydia Orens, Diane Stoller, Richard Daynard, Lucy Gilbert, Steven Kagle, and Joel Pensky.



some of the shops, I! am amazed by the quality, the variety, and the originality

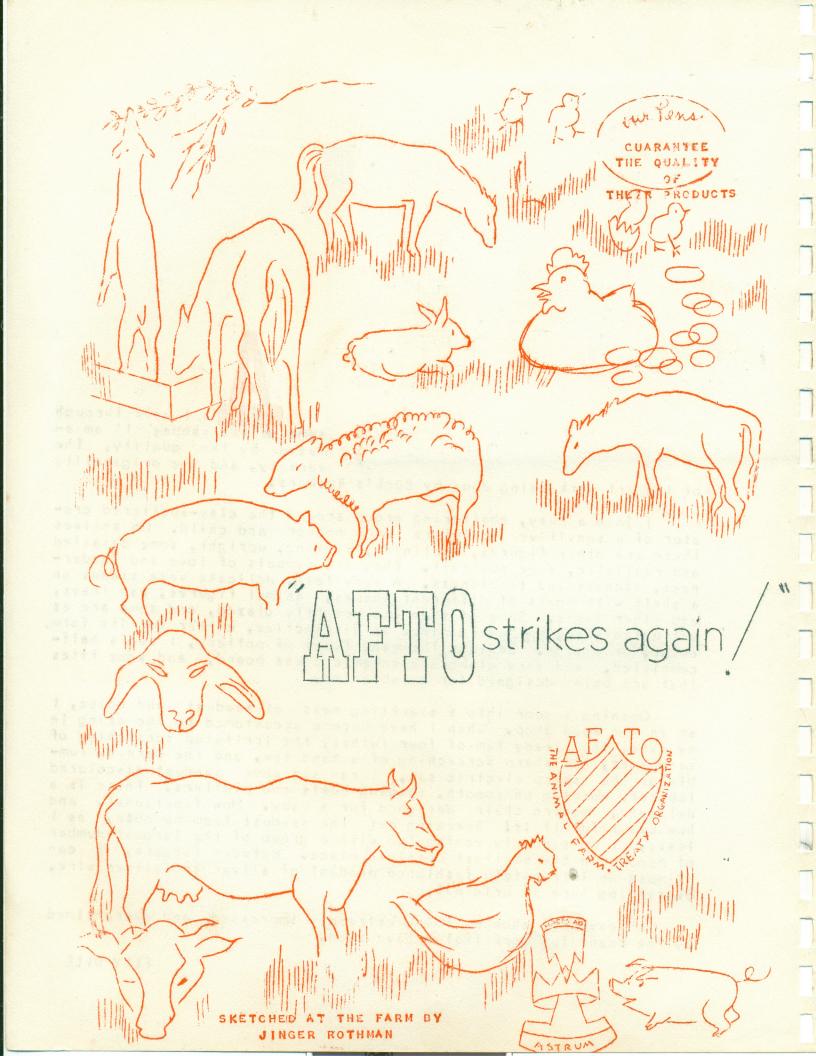
and the same

of the art work being done by Buck's Rockers.

I join a busy, chattering group around the clay-spattered creator of a sensitive sculpture of a mother and child. On shelves there are other figures, reclining, sitting, upright, some detailed and realistic, some abstract. They are symbols of love and tenderness, sadness and loneliness. A very tall, delicate vase stands on a shelf with bowls of different shapes, animal figures, ash trays, and other vases. Some of them are brightly glazed, and some are as yet unfinished, but every piece is distinctive, either for its form, color, or design. Besides the many types of pottery, I see a half-completed, and very elaborate ceramic chess board, and some tiles that are being designed for a table top.

Opening a door into a startling mass of sawdust and noise, I am in the Wood Shop. When I have become accustomed to the sting In my eyes, the steady hum of four lathes, the irritated scratching of sandpaper, the sharp screeching of a hand saw, and the warning rumble of the sharp electric saw, I can see some sawdust-discolored laborers working on smooth, shining bowls and platters. There is a delicate, modern chair designed for a baby. How functional, and how beautiful it is! Sneezing out the sawdust from my nose, as I leave, I am suddenly confronted with a group of the largest number of people in the smallest possible place. Between fingers, I can glimpse an intricately fashioned pendant of silver and silver wire. Everything here is original.

I leave the shop building extremely impressed and overwhelmed by the beautiful work that I have seen.



ALTHOUGH MOST OF THE CAMP WORKS FROM 9 A.M. TO 6 P.M., THE WORK ON THE ANIMAL FARM GOES ON CONTINUALLY.

EACH MORNING WE DO OUR DAILY CHORES, WHICH CONSIST OF FEEDING THE PIG, COW, SHEEP, GOATS, RABBITS, CHICKS, HENS, CALVES, AND CLEAN ING OUT THE VARIOUS PENS.

WOE UNTO HIM WHO IS THE FIRST INTO THE CALF PASTURE IN THE MORN-ING, BECAUSE OUR UNKNOWING CALVES HAVE FOUND OUR LEGS EQUALLY TASTY AS THEIR "PURINA." ONLY A MIRACLE (THE FACT THAT CALVES HAVE ONLY A LOWER SET OF TEETH) HAS KEPT US WALKING.

AMONG OTHER THINGS, WE HAVE DUG TWO GARBAGE PITS AND TWO MANURE PITS. AT THE DEDICATION OF THE LATTER, OUR CURIOUS COW, "ROAMING RHONDA," CAME WALKING OUT OF HER PASTURE TO JOIN IN THE CEREMONY. THIS SOLEMN OCCASION ENDED WITH A PITCH FORK OF COW FLOP, INTENDED TO BE THROWN INTO THE PIT, BEING ACCIDENTALLY DEPOSITED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

THE MALADIES ON THE FARM HAVE BEEN FEW. However, some THINGS WE HAVE CONTRACTED ARE: POISON IVY, STINGS, HIVES, CREOSOTE BURNS, AND PITCH FORKED FEET, FROM CUTTING DOWN MIGHTY OAK TREES, DISLODG-ING DEES! NESTS, AND PITCHING HAY INTO THE BARN OR OCCASIONALLY A FELLOW WORKER.

THIS HAS BEEN A YEAR OF MANY FIRSTS FOR THE ANIMAL FARM. IT IS THE FIRST TIME THAT:

A HEN DIED FROM LAYING AN EGG (WITH A DIAMETER OF THREE INCHES)

THE COW GOT PTOMAINE POISONING (FROM EATING LUCIFER X. CABBAGE)

THE ANIMAL FARM HAS HAD A MASCOT (DUFF, THE DOG), AN INSIGNIA, AND AN ORGANIZATION, AFTO (ANIMAL FARM TREATY ORGANIZATION), AND A HALF-SHORN SHEEP

THE FARM HAS NOT "REQUISITIONED"

THERE HAS BEEN A WRITTEN GUARANTEE OF QUALITY ENCLOSED IN EACH BOX OF EGGS TO BE SOLD

THE ANIMAL FARM HAS SURPASSED THE VEGETABLE FARM IN HOURS

OUR GOAT WAS FORCED TO EAT THE WEEDER'S DIGEST WHILE POSING FOR A PICTURE.

IT WAS NOT THE FIRST TIME THAT THE COW WANDERED OFF BUT IT WAS THE FIRST TIME SHE WANDERED BACK AGAIN.

IT HAS BEEN THE FIRST TIME, BUT, WE HOPE, CERTAINLY NOT THE LAST.
THAT THE ANIMAL FARM HAS HAD THE HELP AND GUIDANCE OF COUNSELORS MIMST
PRICE AND PAT TRISCHMAN.

GAIL ANGRIST

YEARBOCK DEADLINE TIME
MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 1956

"We don't know when the calf will be born. Ask the cow."

For days this has been repeated time and time again by Animal Farmers. In order to be prepared for the momentous event at all times, the Animal Farmers have kept a day and night vigil on "Roaming Rhonda." Several nights during the past week Animal Farmers have taken turns sleeping in the barn and checking on the cow at hour intervals. That was lots of fun, especially for those lucky people with the 2 and 3 A. M. shifts. But we were, and unfortunately still are, just as desirous to find out the answer as everyone else. Since, however, et this time, Gedunks still isn't born, all that can be said is, "We don't know when the calf will be born. Ask the cow!"

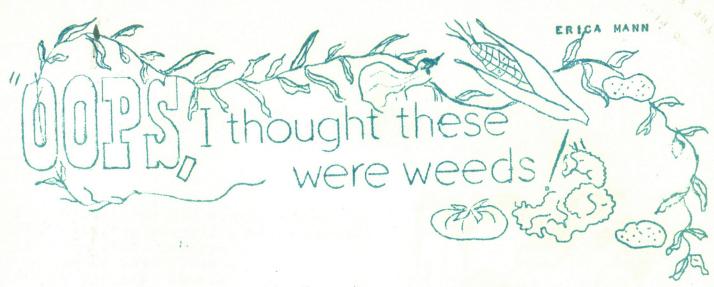
GAIL ANGRIST

"is she OVERDUE?

I was working at the farm. A call came in at II:20. Sarah was in need of help. I rushed to the pig pen to see what was happening. She was having her babies. At one in the afternoon it was all over. There were eight little piglets, four males and four females, four all white, and four black and white.

Two days later an accident happened. I rushed down to see what it was. The mother pig, by mistake had sat on one of her babies and hurt its leg. That night they took the baby out for Dan to fix. When they put it back in the pen, the mother pig, Sarah, was so mad that she ate all of the medicine that was on the baby pig's leg.

CAROL KAUFMAN



"LETS HAVE A WATER BREAK!" THIS IS A TYPICAL CRY OF THE TIRED LABORER ON THE VEGETABLE FARM. THIS EXCLAMATION USUALLY COMES AFTER HE HAS FINISHED ONE OF THE MANY VARIED (AND HARD?) OBS WHICH INCLUDE WEEDING (THE REMOVAL OF OUR LARGEST CROP) OF HOEING, SPRAYING OF POISON TO KILL UNWANTED INSECTS, PLANTING OF OUR FUTURE HEADACHES, AND HARVESTING OF OUR PRESENT HEAD ACHES. AMONG OUR VEGETABLES ARE CORN, POTATOES, LETTUCE, CABBAGE, CUCUMBERS, SQUASH, BEETS, CARROTS, ONIONS, TOMATOES, BEANS, RADISHES, CAULIFDOWER, BROCCOLI, SCALLIONS, PARSLEY, AND PEPPERS.

THE FRESHLY PICKED VEGETABLES ARE SOLD BY THE FARM SELLING COMMITTEE TO THE KITCHEN, STORES IN TOWN AND OUR MANY VISITORS AND CAMPERS. AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS SEASON THE SELLING WAS DONE ON THE SOCIAL HALL PORCH, BUT THANKS TO THE EFFORTS OF THE CIO, ALL SALES ARE NOW MADE AT THE NEWLY CONSTRUCTED "CARVEL" STAND. THE SELLING PROGRAM THIS YEAR WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL AND THE MONEY MADE WAS MORE THAN EVER BEFORE.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT SERVICE OF THE FARM COMMITTEE 35 THE PART PARATION AND SALE OF DELICIOUS HOT BUTTERED CORN AND FRENCH FRIED POTATOES. THE POTATOES ARE COOKED IN THE KITCHEN AND CORN AT THE CAMPFIRE SITE. THE FINISHED PRODUCTS ARE SOLD THROUGHOUT THE CAMP.

A HUGE PART OF THE CAMP BECAME MEMBERS OF WOW (WEEDERS OF THE WORLD) WHICH IS A CLIQUE OF PEOPLE WHO WORKED TEN OR MORE HOURS. THE ENTHUSIASM AND SPARK OF THE CAMPERS, ALONG WITH THEIR WILLINGNESS TO WORK, FAR SURPASSED THAT OF ANY OTHER YEAR. AT THE END OF THE YEAR A CORN ROAST WAS HELD FOR ALL MEMBERS OF WOW.

OUR FESTIVAL WAS A BIG SUCCESS WHERE OUR FULL LINE OF VEGE TABLES WERE SOLD IN ADDITION TO HOT BUTTERED CORN, ICED CUE CUMBERS, TOMATOES, ICE CREAM AND SODA.

AND SO AS WE LOOK BACK UPON THE 1956 SEASON WE WILL REMEMBER THOSE HAPPY HOURS WE SPENT SLAVING ON THE VEGETABLE FARM UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF LLOYD (BERGIE) BERGEN, PETE EUBEN, BERNIE LIEF, AND DANNY WILE.

"STITESTICE genius at work....



Our genius guinea pig has earned this sign by running the new enlarged maze in less than a minute. This maze has stumped many a bewildered camper who believed human beings are the smartest animals.

Two cages away is momma opossum, who was caught in a trap. With her when she was captured were five babies.

Directly opposite our genius is a row of cages consisting of four rate who have not been able to the the guinea pig's record in time by going through the maze. A male and female hamster with their babies, a hamster that runs the ten minute mile in our exerciser, and three white mice complete our animal section in the Bio Lab annex.

On the other side of the door from the guinea pig's animal dominion, there is the lab table. Here we open and put windows in chick eggs in order to watch their development from embryo to chick.

Dan Urtnowski, the lab counselor, teaches about what animals! insides look like and how they work, through dissections. He also tests people to find out what their blood type is.

In the Farm Lab we find one form of the Buck's Rock spirit - curiosity, and through experiments, we discover the answers to some of our scientific questions.

PETER WARSHALL

SKETCHED AT THE LAB BY BOBBIE ROSS

"will it be finished this year?

"Come work on construction," Ernie would announce many a time this past summer. And at the work gong a number of eager, industrious Buck's Rockers would appear to do their share towards completing the biggest goal set this year - the new woodshop.

When camp opened, tall weeds and uncut grass were all that was visible to the eye as it scanned the site which now boasts a floor with surrounding walls. Before the season was a few days old, the job of ridding the ground of the various debris had been excuted efficiently.

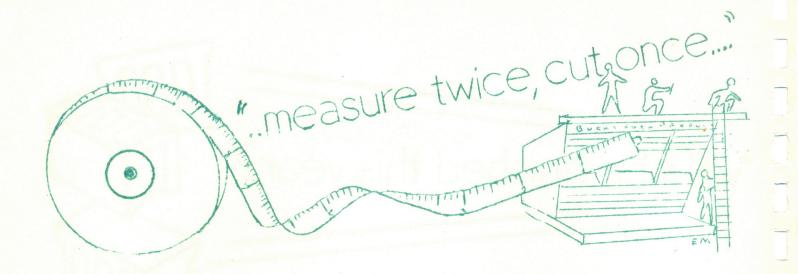
Then began the painstaking job of building walls for the basement of the woodshop which is to be used as a supply room for the Construction Crew. The work demanded a lot of time but was finished in about three weeks and done very competently.

With the basement done, the next step was to start work on the main postion of the woodshop. And from nime to twelve in the morning and two to five in the afternoon many workers and camera-bugs alike would watch with amazed interest the pouring of the floor. As most of the work thus far was done in the back of the building, a passer-by would not see many signs of progress, but with the building of walls on the main site it was clearly evident that much had been accomplished during the past summer.

The building when completed will stand 60 by 30 ft. and will have required 350 eight inch blocks, 663 twelve inch blocks, 5,589 bricks plus 63 cubic yards of cement. The finished building will surely prove that Buck's Rock biggest project was an over-whelming success.

with

BOB BENSON
PETE COHEN
DAVE DOBKIN
STAN GOTTLIEB
STEVE GOLDSTEIN
JERRY STOLLER
JONATHAN WALLACH
JOHN GELST

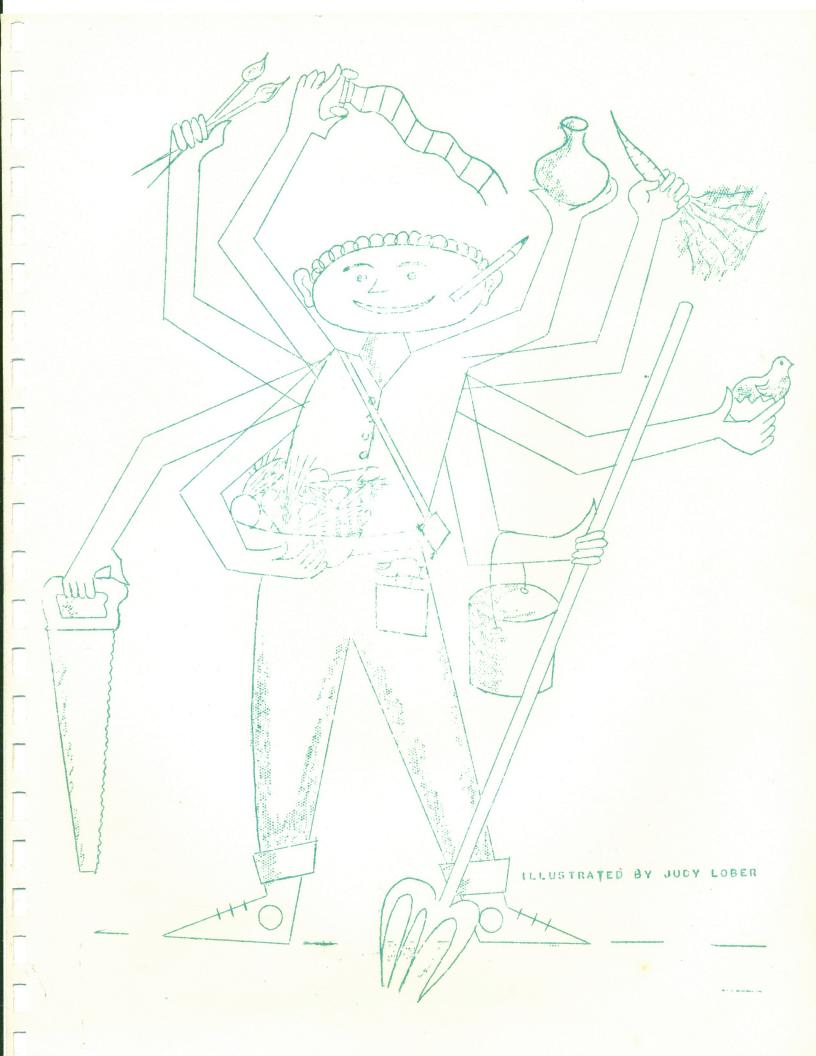


Buck's Rock has seen several impressive improvements and additions this year through the work of the CIO (Camp Improvement Organization). This small but very active crew has, in one short summer, performed the following major tasks: a complete renovation, with the help of the swimming staff, Construction Crew members, and other flusty pre-season workers, of the swimming area, which was damaged in last year's flood; the enlargement of the stage; and the construction of the Print Shop annex and of the attractive, permanent selling stand. In addition, they built the new Additional Chairs which now grace the campus.

Previously a maintenance crew, the CIO has turned to construction work while the construction crew was busy on their huge job. The CIO made such quick work of their construction projects ("a whole Print Shop annex in eleven days.") that few outside the crew realize how much work has gone into them. It is still more amazing that all this was done by a comparatively small group. The unique quality of the CIO is the closeness of the group, which works together from project to project and gives the major part of its time to the hard work. This is true of the CIT and the camper members of the crew alike. The "regulars" on the crew say that the friendliness and spirit of the group, led by Jess Adler and Andy Alpern, is the main reason they enjoy working on it.

The crew has to face many hazards. After the fights on the order of the projects, and the bloody battles on such subjects as the best location for the Print Shop annex door and the number and placement of its shelves, they must face the worst menace of all - the kibitzer. To do a construction job surrounded by numerous enthusiastic sidewalk superintendents who are more generous with advice than help, is certainly a difficult task.

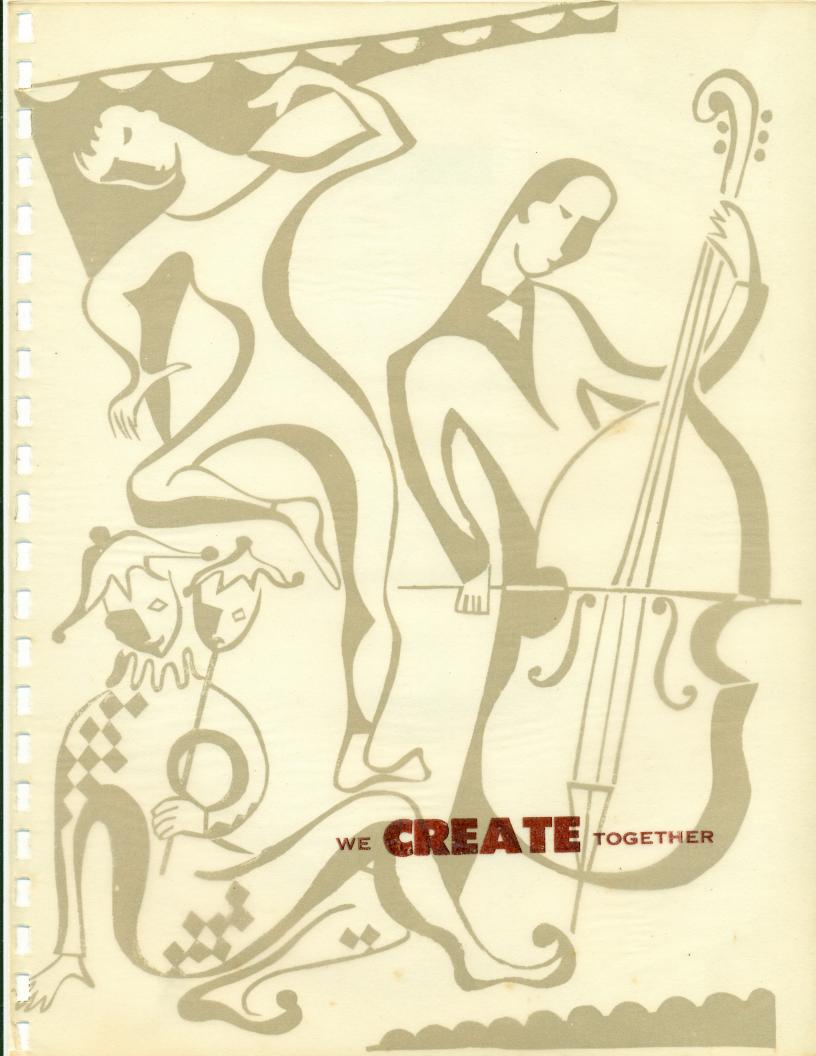
The CIO has done a magnificent job for Buck's Rock this year.



veryone at Buck's Rock has had he opportunity to create. From drama, dance, chorus, and orchestra, and from doing artistic work in the shops, comes the wonderful feeling of creation, both individual and with others.

Maybe your first experience with the creative arts was at the dramatic tryouts. Your first reading was probably a little shaky, but soon you gained control and put yourself into the part you were reading. If you joined chorus or orchestra, another different type of creative art, you know the wonderful feeling of creating in a group. Perhaps you spent hours in the shops, expressing yourself through a graceful ceramic sculpture, an originally shaped pendant, or a brightly colored mosaic. Or maybe you joined a dance group. You were able to use your imagination to its fullest, using your whole body to express yourself.

Some of the creative work you have done, you can take home to show your parents. Some you can't. But 'the experience of creating is something you will remember, and keep inside of you always.



chamber music concert on the social hall porch SUNDAY. AUGUST 12,1956. AT 7:30 P.M.

1. Haydn - Allegro movement of 9th Symphony Plano- 4 hands

SUSAN BERMAN and RUTH GROSSMAN

2 Pleyel - Duet No, 3 for 2 violins

BARBARA BULOVA and LIESEL PANTKE

3, Beethoven - Presto agitato movement of "Moonlight Sonata"

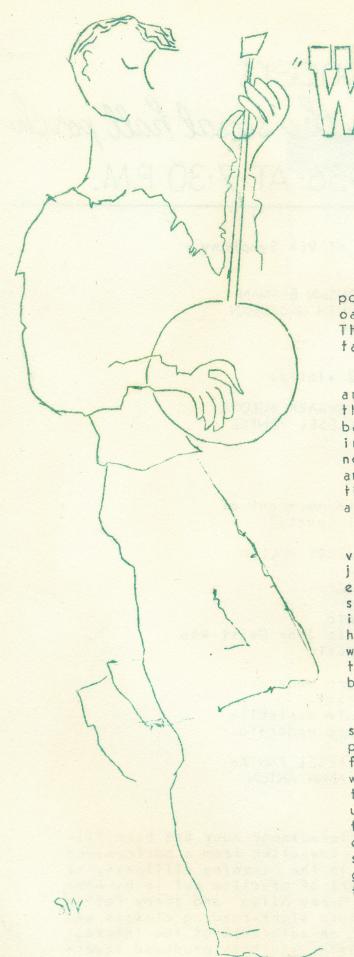
JERRY POLLEN

ABeethoven - "Archduke" Trio
with gratitude to John Geist who
purchased the music

Allegro moderato
Scherzo
Andante cantabile
Allegro moderato

DAVID and ANNA ANTON

ften during the summer, the after-dinner hour has been filled with the melodious sounds emanating from a performance of the Chamber Music Group. In the evening stillness, we listen to the result of the hours of practice put in by Anna, Dave, and Liesel. Sometimes Harry Allan and Jerry Pollen join the performers. Anna's piano sight-reading classes and Dave's string lessons have been an outgrowth of the interest shown this summer in chamber music, and have produced several capable performers who have joined the group.



A group of singers gathers on the porch of the Social Hall; or under the oak tree, or around the campfire. There I am, right in the middle, guitar in hand, voice in tune.

key are we in

Business-like we check E-strings and tune up to each other. Someone in the back suggests that we sing "Kumbayah." Barry tunes his banjo to play in D and suddenly, out of a chattering noisy group comes music. And there I am in the middle, strumming away on the guitar, singing melody and harmony at the same time.

As we go from song to song, the voices grow stronger as more people join. The singers' moods change with each melody, from a sad and beautiful spiritual or a soft ballad, to a rousing work song or an evergetic Bantu harmonization. There, in the middle, walled in by singers, I sit, concentrating on newly learned techniques, but never forgetting to sing.

Some people are industriously singing, some just as industriously playing accompaniment. Some are carefully listening, trying to learn the words and remember clever lyrics. Often Tony and Barry sing new songs for us to learn or just to hear. And there I am, in the middle of all the excitement, playing and singing, strongly feeling the intimacy of the group as singing together brings friends together.



If it's unusual, it's to be found at Buck's Rock. Even in the field of musical instruments, Buck's Rock has seen a strange variety this year.

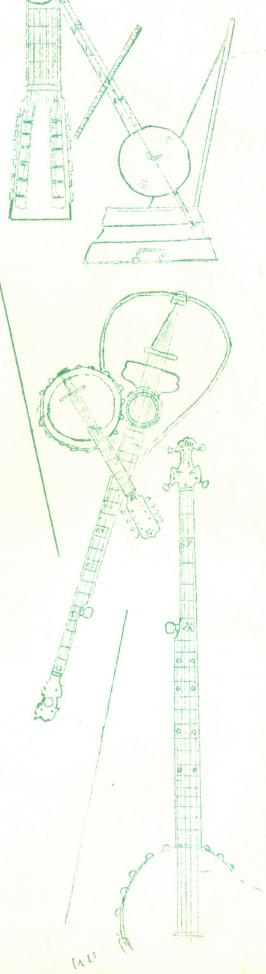
For example, Tony Saletan's steel drum is an instrument from Trinidad. It is made from an old oil drum which was hammered out into certain shapes to produce varied tones. By the time Tony left. Buck's Rock, he had a range of five notes out of the thirteen he eventually hopes to have, and he could play such tunes as "Pretoria," "Skip to My Lou," and "Frere Jacques."

One Saturday during picnic supper, Judy Krasnow gave us a preview of her Pogo Cello. This odd instrument is built from a pogo stick, a round cookie tin, wire, and some small cymbals. Played properly, it provides a constant drone and beat that forces its way through all the other instruments. Another homemade instrument is Barry's washtub bass, made out of a washtub, string, and a broom handle.

Among the string instruments related to the banjo, mandolin, and guitar families are three oddities. Judy Krasnow's cittern, commonly known as a mandolin-banjo, is intald with mother of pearl, and has a clear, soft, tone. Rebecca Manoil's banjo-mandolin has a well made banjo head and rim combined with a standard mandolin neck and eight strings. My own twelve-string guitar, originating in France or Germany, is today used in Mexico and was made famous by Huddie Leadbetter (Leadbelly), the "king" of the twelve string guitar.

We should not forget Barry's long necked banjo which enables the player to play in certain keys not achieved on the regular banjo, or the square dance fiddle played by many of the folksy set "low on the arm" unlike "long hair" violinists.

WINNIE WINSTON



warm-up's are heard from

Warm-up's are heard from the Social Hall porch and everyone knows that the chorus has start-ed rehearsing.

Sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses, with a minimum of speed, and a maximum of confusion, find music, seats, and friends, and when warm-ups are over, everyone is ready.

Dave announces a piece, comments are heard, and then silence as Dave signals the dramatic pause before the first chord. Jerry Pollen plays a magnificent introduction. The chorus entrance approaches, The voices join the piano and the result is beautiful—no, Dave says it couldn't be worse. It usually takes four or five starts until it is satisfactory, but a mistake in the middle or at the end gives us another chance to "take it from the top."

This is the way we rehearse a piece, sometimes together, often by sections, and occasionally someone is asked to sing a solo. Suddenly a concert springs up. Three rehearsals left, two rehearsals, one. Then, white blouses, a truck ride with no singing, and stone steps or a shaky platform. Now Dave asks us to sing and we give him everything we have. Unbelievably we remember the crescendos, the sustained notes, and the importance of watching Dave. Every singer is proud of the music that we make and is glad to be part of it. We feel like professionals.

Then a noisy ride back to camp and back to rehearsals. I can hear them now. "Mem-mene-mem-mem-ma."

ELLY WILE

1.	Psaim 20, The Lord Shall Hear Thee in Distress (Protestant)Shutz Psaim 121, 1 iift Mine Eyes (Protestant)Shutz
2.	Tantum Ergo (Catholic)
	Sochrenu (Hebrew)
4.	We Never Will Bow Down (from JUDAS MACCABEUS)
	Younger GenerationCopland
6.	Soon Ah Will Be DoneDawson
	Hey MotsualaSo. African Folk Song
8.	Johnny Comes Marching Homearr. by Wilhousky

SOPRANOS

Rima Berg Deena Berliant Evelyn Berman Barbara Bulova Laurie Cohen (f) Ella Dobkin Roberta Elias Lois Engleson Julie Euben Carol Fuchs Lucy Gilbert Belinda Gold Ellen Gold Barbara Goldstein Sue Seideman Maida Gordon Martha Greenbaum Natalie Siegel Ruth Grossman Linda Herzenberg Jane Himber Barbara Kinsler

Karen Kissen Janet Konig Judy Koshetz Ellen Larsen Julie Levin Carole Lewis Judy Lober Rebecca Manoll Marion Perkis Barbara Pine Susan Pines Bobbie Ross Allene Rubin Marilyn Seitman Rosalle Siegel Jane Victor Susan Warshall Sheila White

TENORS

Bert Kleinman Gail Angrist Ben Apfelbaum Judy Krasnow Elva Chernow Arthur Levi Stan Levine Roy Duboff Danny Perl Hedy Harris Joan Schloessinger

BASSES

Andy Alland Arthur Blawitz Bobby Blank Mike Chernuchin Selwyn Cohen Billy Einhorn Al Epstein Paul Frank Steve Goldmark Henry Goldstein Brook Hart Jon Konheim Barry Kornfeld Stan Leibowitz Ellot Lerman Steve Lippman Robert Martin Robert Sacks Dick Sussman Dick Traum Richard Wiener

ALTOS

Marjorie Baer Debbie Bersin Ava Bry Eleanor Chambers Barbara Davidson Ellen Eisenberg Karen Eisenberg Ellen Goldfield Elan Golomb Carol Hoffman Carol Hoppenfeld Paula Katz Rene La Farge Barbara Miller Judy Minoff Ann Morrison Sue Panken Joni Rindler Claudia Rosenberg Gail Schiffer Alice Schweig Cynthia Silver Diane Stoller Sue Swick Edith Webster Ollie Weil Judy Weiss Elly Wile

1. PRETORIA

2. OVERTURE TO BALLET DON JUAN

3. HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING
FROM "PEER GYNT" SUITE

4. LARGO

5. HUNGARIAN DANCE No. 5

SOUTH AFRECAN GLUCK

GRIEG DVORAK BRAHMS

6. FOLKSINGERS

BARRY KORNFELD
JUDY KRASNOW
KAREN EISENBERG
WINNIE WINSTON

7. GERMAN DANCE

8. PIZZICATA POLKA

9. IF I LOVED YOU, SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP, YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE

JEANNE DALE. SOPRANO

10. RUSSIAN SAILOR'S DANCE

BEETHOVEN
JOHANN STRAUSS

RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN GLIERE

VIOLINS

STANLEY LIEBOWITZ, CONCERTMASTER BARBARA BULOVA JON KONHEIM LIESEL PANTKE

RICHARD WIENER

SUE SEIDEMAN

JON KONHEIM

CELLO

VIOLA

DAVID ANTON AVA BRY ARTHUR LAUFER

ACCORDIAN

BARBARA GOLDSTEIN HEDY HARRIS

FLUTE

LOIS ENGELSON ROBERT SACKS

RECORDER

SUE BERMAN BARDARA MILLMAN OBOE

JESS WEINGER

CLARINETS

MARK ANTON
EVELYN BERMAN
SELWYN COHEN
JOHN HACK
CAROL LEWIS
DANNY PERL
TOBY ROBISON
BARBARA ROSS
PETER WARSHALL
LEWIS WOLFENSON

TRUMPETS

ALAN CHARTOK ELEANOR MAYER RICHARD SUSSMAN PETER YAMIN

ALTO SAXAPHONE

BERT KLEINMAN

ORCHESTRA

TROMBONE

PETER NOSSAL

SOUSAPHONE

ROBERT FABER

SNARE DRUM

JEFF MANN

BASS DRUM

STANLEY LEVINE

- CYMBALS

STANLEY SIEGAL

ELECTRIC GUITAR

BOBBY BLANK

DIRECTED BY DAVID KATZ



ORCHESTRA:

Star Spangled Banner

Pretoria

Hungarian Dance No. 5...........Brahms

FOLKS INGERS:

Shady Grove..... Southern Mountain Folk Song

Suliram.....Indonesian Lullaby

Kisses Sweeter Than Wine American Ballad

Church You're Gonna Miss Me..... Negro Spiritual

Babevuya.....South African

ORCHESTRA:

Viennese Dance.....Beethoven

CHORUS:

Two Psalms.....Schutz

Soon Ah Will Be Done Negro Spieitual

Hey, Motsuala..... Folk Song

Johnny Comes Marching Home Arr. P. J. Wilhousky

ORCHESTRA:

of I Loved You, Surrey With the Fringe on Top, and You'll Never Walk Alone.....Rogers and Hammerstein

Russian Sailors Dance..., Gliere

Pretoria



"my tempo, my tempo."

The Buck's Rock Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of the great David (Toscanini) Katz, has made a tremendous showing this year. We, the two authors, are members of this talented group.

"Oom-pah, oom-pah" and "plonk-plonk" are two new sounds that float through the air this summer. They come from a sousaphone and an electric guitar. We also have our old standbys back: clarinets, sax-ophones, violins, cellos, trumpets, among others.

During the summer we go with the orchestra to several concerts. Our preparation for these performances is quite extensive. Three afternoons during the week right after snack we are called to rehearsals. We practice vigorously but to no avail, for we can never keep Dave's tempo. For some unknown reason some part of the orchestra is always missing. This doesn't help Dave's headaches at all. Tuning up in our orchestra normally takes about a half hour. When the havoc of getting ready is completed, we set upon rehearsing, which usually lasts about forty-five minutes.

After five weeks of hard work, preparing such works as "Russian Sailors Dance," "Hungarian Dance Number 5," selections from Rodgers and Hammerstein, "Largo," from the "New World Symphony," and "Pretoria," our camp theme song, we are ready for our concert. This is on the Green in New Milford on the evening of Friday, August 10. The next afternoon we atagger into station WLCR in Torrington and give a fantastically wonderful concert. One week later we pile into the trucks again and head for Didgewater fair to give a high caliber performance. Festival, our last concert of the season, gives promise of being a great success and a fitting musical climmax To our summer of fun and work.

PETER NOSSAL and BOB FABER

At mid-season, dance was described as "expressing your innermost feelings and emotions without words."

It can be noted that in discussions of psychosis and neurosis which are sometimes heard around Buck's Rock, the dancers are upheld as shining examples of mental balance. In a more serious vein, much enjoyment can be derived from attaining technical perfection or merely attempting self-expression. Working on technique helps to improve the dancers' co-ordination and to give them



ILLUSTRATED BY JANET KONIG

the basic knowledge of the dance. In creative work the dancers express themselves using movements acquired in these technique classes.

All of these elements together result in the programs of Dance Night and Festival. Choreography for these programs is done by Debbie Sacks in the Repertory Group or by the dancers themselves. This year we have strived to make our presentations come as close to professional recitals as possible.

This new approach has made us aware that dancers are individuals but when necessary they must sacrifice individuality to bring about unity in a group. JANE HIMBER, CAROL HOFFMAN & LIZ LAUTER

DANCENIGHT

WEDNESDAY EVENING . AUGUST 1,1956 . AT THE STAGE

MODERN DANCE AT WORK performed by JANE BERLIANT, SUE BERMAN, KAREN EISENBERG JANET GORDSTEIN, CAROL HIRZENBERG, JUDY KRASNOW, AND BARBARA MILMAN, SUSAN WARSHALL.

THE IMPROVISATION CLASS PRESENTS A PERFORMANCE IN THE USE OF A CHAIR IN THE DANCE AND THE USE OF THE BODY AS A MEANS OF CONVERSATION AND COMMUNICATION.

SUITE .. SCARLATTI

A * GREETINGSRIMA BERG

B * HOW DO YOU......RIMA BERG, JANE HIMBER, CAROL HOFFMAN KAREN KISSIM, AND NATALIE SIEGEL

C * HE SAID AND SHE SAID . . . RIMA BERG, KAREN KISSIM

D * I DON'T CARE LIZ LAUTÉR, WITH RUTH GROSSMAN, NATALIE SIEGEL AND ROSALIE SIEGEL

E * REMEMBRANCE JANE HIMBER

F * I 'M GONNA PLAY TOO GROUP

GROUP INCLUDES RIMA BERG, RUTH GROSSMAN, JANE HIMBER, CAROL HOFFMAN, KAREN KISSIM, LIZ LAUTER, NATALIE SILGEL ROSALIE SIEGEL.

CHOREOGRAPHY BY DEBBIE ZALL SACKS

COSTUMES BY SARA ALLAN

LIGHTING BY DEBBIE BERSIN, JON KONHEIM, STU WURTZEL

SOUND BY PETER YAMIN

THESE DANCES ARE BEING IMPROVISED DURING THE PERFORMANCES; HOWEVER THE IDEA FOR THE MOVEMENT HAS BEEN THOUGHT OUT BEFORE.

THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT PAUSE BETWEEN DANCES; DURING THIS TIME WE WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU TO RESTRAIN YOUR MUCH APPRECIATED ENTHUSIASM.

THANK YOU....

1	
1.	SUITE SCARLATTI (HARPSICHORDIST-FERNANDO VALENTI)
	A. GREETINGS RIMA BERG
	RIMA DERG, LIZ DERLINER
	B. How Do You Do CAROL HOFFMAN, KAREN KISSIN,
	NATALIE SIEGEL
	C. SHE SAID AND HE SAID RIMA BERG, KAREN KISSIN
	D. I'DON T CARELIZ LAUTER WITH RUTH GROSSMAN, NATALIE SIEGEL, ROSALIE SIEGEL
	E. REMEMBRANCELIZ BERLINER
	F. I'M GONNA PLAY TOO
	THE A SA YOUR SET TO SHE SHE ON THE SET OF A STAND SET OF
	COMPANY INCLUDES: RIMA BERG, LIZ BERLINER, RUTH GROSSMAN, CAROL
	HOFFMAN, KAREN KISSIN, LIZ LAUTER, NATALIE SIEGEL, ROSALIE SIEGEL
	CHOREOGRAPHY BY DEBORAH ZALL
	COSTUMES BY SARA ALLAN the)
2	
4.	HOW THE RHINOCEROS GOT HIS SKIN. BARTOK (FROM A STORY BY RUDYARD KIPLING)
	DANCED BY KAREN EISENBERG, JUDY KRASNOW
	CHOREOGRAPHY KAREN EISENBERG, JUDY KRASNOW
2	3 T 7 A 2 C 19 1 C 1 A 2 A 2 A 2 A 2 A 2 A 2 A 2 A 2 A 2 A
3.	FLIRTATION IN TOYLANDTCHAIKOWSKY
	DANCED BY
1.004	CHOREOGRAPHY BY THE GROUP
	each agus ann an thur ann an taite ann an an ann an an an an an an an an a
1	"THE CHANGES THAT OCCUR THROUGHOUT THE DAY,
4	CHANGE OUR MOTIVATIONS IN EVERY WAY."
4	CHANGE OUR MOTIVATIONS IN EVERY WAY." VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
4	CHANGE OUR MOTIVATIONS IN EVERY WAY."
4	CHANGE OUR MOTIVATIONS IN EVERY WAY." VAUGHAN WILLIAMS DANGED BY: LIZ BERLINER, SYDNEY CULLINEN, KAREN EISENBERG, JULIE EUBEN, JANET GOLDSTEIN, JUDY KRASNOW, BARBARA MILLMAN, SUE WARSHAL
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do you make an etching?

Everybody is doing something in the Art Shop.

Some are seriously cutting glass for their mosaics. A mermaid, an Egyptian, several fish, and many colorful roosters have been made. The colors of the glass range from bright yellow, to dark red, soft blues, striking purples and beautiful greens.

Some people are singing; some are watching. Some are asking questions, "Is that a woodcut?"

Some are giving opinions——
"Use more color!" The clothes lines are full of orange and red patterns. These are colored woodcuts for our calendar.

Once a week we have a model, a lovely red - haired gir! in a black leotard and tights. She poses and we sketch. We use pen and ink lines or the stroke of charcoal or paint brush. We serve the structure of the body. Jack and Phoebe watch and help.

Sometimes we go out of camp to oil paint the majestic blue green mountains and the beautiful countryside. We have been to auctions and fairs. We see a beautiful white church with interesting panelwork. We have our sketch boards and we begin. We must catch something. It must be fast. Soon it is time to go. On to the truck——and when we are back in the shop, we look over what we have done.

SUE BERMAN

"me ----try-out?" by Naomi Adelman

And yet, there you are, quaking as professionally as the old hands, at TRY-OUTS.

Les, seated on the rim of the stage, shuffles his little white cards, and begins to speak.

"Try-outs . . . may get into every play or none at all no charity . . . doesn't mean you can't do as well . . . best fit opart and other actors . . . work . . . don't be discouraged . . . "

Then he looks searchingly around, and reshuffles his cards. "Write your name, age, height, and where you live in camp. Also, if you want, include what part you're particularly interested in, it won't

do you any good, but write it anyway."



Now begins the ordeal.
Les marches solemnly
to the far end of the
stage and starts the
mysterious process of
castings

"Read page 6 of RED RIDING HOOD." Every specimen of life at that stage is called to read before you finally get your chance. So, trembling, your knees turned to oleomargarine, you take a script and stumble on to the stage.

What: That's all! You hardly had a chance to open your mouth!

"How did I do, huh?"

"What does he write on those little white cards? "If I can't hear you, it's already two strikes against you!"

"Those whoive already read can leave!" So it's all over now. Finals will be posted tonight.

To your unspeakable joy, your name is listed for final try-outs!! Your ego swells three feet, but your stomach starts getting queazy.

Les seats himself on the rim of the stage, and you're off again. As the little white cards shimmer and dance before your eyes, you wait. You read. You shake. "Cast list will be posted tonight. Thank you."

How can you possibly go up to the Social Hall to see the list? But the call of the cast draws you. AND THERE'S YOUR NAME! YOU'RE GRANDMA! Yippee!



TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS SATURDAY JULY 21, 1956 AT 8:30 P.M.

WURTZEL-FLUMMERY BY A.A. MILNE

"it sounds like a sausage! REP. STUART CRAWSHAW...BEN APFELBAUM REP. RICHARD MERITON...STUART WURTZEL MARGARET CRAWSHAW...SUE KOHN VIOLA CRAWSHAW...SALLENE RUBIN DENNIS CLIFTON...BERT KLEINMAN MAID...SALLENAN

SANTA CLAUS, A MORALITY PLAY DY E.E. CUMMINGS

"Knowledge has taken love out

DELBANCO, MAIDA
GORDÓN, LUCY GILBERT,
JEAN ANTON, NANCY
HIRSCH, DIANNE
STOLLER, DANNY PERL
STEVE LIPSON, AVA
BRY, CANDY BLISS

of the world!"

SETS DESIGNED BY.....BOBBIE MILLER & ALLENE RUBIN

SETS CONSTRUCTED BY.....BOBBIE BLANK

SEIS CONSTRUCTED BY.....BOBBIE BLANK
WITH THE HELP OF BOBBIE MILLER
ALLENE RUBIN
DEBBIE BERSIN
ANDY JEMPOLER
JOAN MILLER

PROPS COHEN (F)

COSTUMES SARAH ALLAN

DIRECTED BY LES CHARLOW



A ONE-ACT PLAY - SATURDAY JULY 28, 1956 AT 8:30 P.M.

THE SHY AND LONELY BY IRWIN SHAW

LAWRENCE MOSHER ROBERT BERGEN ALBERT SOWERS PETER SIRUTIS ANDY JAMPOLER HARRIET TWIST LOIS LEMPEL MADGE COUNTHANJUDY MINOFF ELEANOR KURLOFF LAURIE COHEN SCENE: A SUMMER BUNGALOW ON A SMALL LAKE IN CONNECTICUT, SOME TWO OR THREE HOURS DISTANT FROM NEW YORK CITY. THIS SUMMER. THE PLAY IS IN TWO SCENES. THERE WILL DE A FEW SECONDS OF DARKNESS TO INDICATE THE PASSAGE OF TIME. SCENE II: THE NEXT NIGHT SCENE !: EVENING SETS BY & LINDA BRENNER UNDER THE DIRECTION OF JACK & PHOEDE SONNENBERG SOUND & LIGHTING BY JON KONHEIM DEBBIE BERSINLAURIE COHEN STU WURTZEL BEN APFELBAUM

TIME:

"oops, fun for the masses..."

DIRECTED BY LESLIE CHARLOW



A ONE ACT PLAY . SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 4,1956 AT 8:30 P.M.

"ARIA DA CAPO" BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

SCENE:

A STAGE

SETS BY LUCY GILBERT, DEBBIE BERSIN, JOAN MILLER, BOBBIE BLANK

LIGHTING BY PETER YAMIN AND JON KONHEIM

PROPS BY BEN APFELBAUM

STAGE MANAGERS: ARLENE KAGLE AND JULIE EUBEN

DIRECTED BY CORA DIAMOND

"but it's only a game!"

HE AIN'T DONE RIGHT BY NELL, A MELODRAMA IN TWO ACTS BY WILBUR BRAUN

GRANNY WHO CARRIES A SECRET FOR YEARS MISS JANE HIMBER LOLLY WILKINS THE OLD MAID MISS HEDY HARRIS HILTON HAYS A HEARTLESS VILLAIN MR. MICHAEL CHERNUCHIN VERA CARELTON FROM THE CITY MISS ELIZABETH LAUTER NELL PERKINS AN INNOCENT CHILD MISS ELEANOR WILE BURKETT CARELTON THE MILL OWNER MR. RICHARD ROSENOW

> SETS MISS BARDARA MILLER, MR. ROBERT BLANK, MR. PETER STOCKMAN LIGHTING MR. JON KONHEIM, MR. LEONARD DWORKIN,

MR. JULIAN WINSTON, MR. JOHN HACK,

MR. MARTIN LACHMAN

PROPS MISS CAROL HOFFMAN, MISS ALICE WELL, MISS CAROL HOPPENFELD, MISS ELAN GOLOMB. MISS JUDITH WEISS, MR. DAVID

PROGRAMS MISS LINDA BRENNER, MISS JUDITH LOBER,

USHERS MR. BERNARD ZUCKER, MR. JERRY RINDLER,

PROGRAMS....MISS LINDA BRENNER, MISS JUDITH LOBER,
MISS ELLEN GOLDFIELD
USHERS....MR. BERNARD ZUCKER, MR. JERRY RINDLER,
MR. STANLEY LEIBOWITZ
OLIO HOLDERS.MISS BARBARA ROSS, MISS ANN MORRISON
CHORUS....MISS BARBARA MILLER, MISS ALICE WEIL,
MISS BARBARA ROSS, MISS ELAN GOLOMB,
MR. ROBERT BLANK, MISS CAROL HOPPEN
FELD, MR. DAVID LAW, MR. STANLEY
LEIBOWITZ, MR. BERNARD ZUCKER. MR. ALBERT EPSTEIN, MR. ARTHUR BIAWITZ,

> MR. DAVID ALLAN, MR. JERRY RINDLER. MR. SELWYN COHEN, MR. RICHARD TRAUM, MISS ANN MORRISON, MISS ELLEN GOLD-

FIELD, MISS CAROL HOFFMAN, MISS JUDITH WEISS, MISS ELEANOR MAYER

ENTIRE PRODUCTION DIRECTED BYMR. STUART WURTZEL, MR. BENJAMIN

APFELBAUM, MISS LAURIE COHEN

REGISSEUR. B.S., M.F.A., HOWARD L. CHARLOW B.S., M.F.A., L.L.B.

CURB YOUR DOG

LADIES ARE REQUESTED TO REMOVE THEIR HATS

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

PLEASE USE SPITOONS IN LOBBY

THE AUDIENCE IS INVITED TO EXPRESS ITSELF AUDIBLY CONCERNING MATTERS HEROIC AND DEVILISH. (THAT IS, CHEER THE

HERO AND HISS THE VILLAIN.)

THANK YOU AND GOOD NIGHT.



TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS SUNDAY AUGUST 12, 1956 AT 8:30 P.M.

THE APOLLO OF BELLAC ADAPTED BY MAURICE VALENCY FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN GIRAUDOUX

AGNES GINGOLD THERESE KOHN THE CLERK MICKEY ROSENHAFT how handsomethe VICE-PRESIDENT.....JON KONHEIM

MR. CRACHETON.....DANNY PERL

You are! MR. LEPEDURA....JOEL KLAUSMA

MR. RASEMUTTE.....RICHARD SUSS THE MAN WURTZEL MR. LEPEDURA JOEL KLAUSMAN MR. RASEMUTTE RICHARD SUSSMAN MR. SCHULTZ BERT KLEINMAN CHEVREDENT JANET KONIG THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD .. JIM MEBRIDE SETS DESIGNED BY DEBBIE BERSIN SETS CONSTRUCTED BY LUCY GILBERT SOUND BY PETER YAMIN LIGHTING BYPETER YAMIN &JON MARKS PROPS BY STU WURTZEL

GOOD-BYE TO THE CLOWN

BY ERNEST KINOY

MISS ERWIN......DIANE STOLLER
DR. BENSON......NICK DELBANCO
PEGGY.......JANE BERLIANT
THE CLOWN......RIMA BERG
BEN APFELBAUM
MOTHER......BEN APFELBAUM
CANDY BLISS

My laks ... PROPS & FURNITURE BY BEN ATTELBAUM LIGHTING BY JON KONHEIM MUSIC BY DAVID KATZ

ALL SETS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PHOEBE & JACK SONNENBERG

DIRECTED BY LES CHARLOW

"how can we mottale be both good and rich?"

BUCKS ROCK PRODUCTION

THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN

MIN

BY BERTHOLT BRECHT

A play in two acts and nineteen scenes August 25, 1956

	WANG, the water seller
	MRS. SHIN. THE WIFE. Judy Krasnow Mickey Rosenhaft THE NEPHEW. THE UNEMPLOYED. LIN TO the carpenter. Laurie Cohen Judy Krasnow Mickey Rosenhaft Bob Fell Jim MEBride Richard Rosenow
	THE BROTHER-IN-LAW. THE SISTER-IN-LAW. MRS. MI TZU, the landlady. THE GRANDFATHER. THE BOY. THE NIECE. THE POLICEMAN. Bob Bergen Liz Lauter Sue Kohn Nick Delbanco David Pines Thelma Aldmon Jeff Chambers
	OLD WOMAN. OLD MAN. Jon Konheim Andy Jampoler SHU FU, the barber MRS. YANG. BAKERY WOMAN Maida Gordon Jon Konheim Andy Jampoler Ben Apfelbaum Linda Herzenberg Naomi Adelman
	HOUSEHOLDER #1 HOUSEHOLDER #2 HOUSEHOLDER #3 A GENTLEMAN. ANOTHER GENTLEMAN ANOTHER GENTLEMAN Richard Sussman
の特	A STREET WALKER. WAITER. PRIEST. FENG, the carpenter's son. TZU, the carpenter's daughter EPILOGUE. Karen Kissin Ethan Geto Richard Sussman Ricky Winston Carol Smith Naomi Adelman

THE PLAY

TIME: the present - or any time

PLACE: the city of Setzuan, China - or any place

```
ACT I
Prologue..... A Street near the entrance to Setzuan
Scene I..... Shen Te's Tobacco Shop
Scene ! Aa. .... The Bridge
Scene 2..... Shen Te's Tobacco Shop
Scene 3 .... The City Park.
Scene 3A ..... The Bridge
Scene 4..... The Square in front of Shen Tets
                              Tobacco Store
Scene 4A..... Shen Te's Transformation
Scene 5..... Shen Te's Tobacco Store
Scene 5A ..... Shen Te, on the way to her wedding
ACT II
Scene o ..... A side goom of a cheap restaurant
Scene OA ..... The Bridge
Scene 7 ..... The Yard behind Shen Te's Tobacco Store
Scene 7A..... The Bridge
Scene 8 .... Shul. Tal's Tobacco Factory in Mr. Shu
                               Fuls cabins
Scene 9..... Shen Te's Tobacco Store, now an office
Scene 10.00.... A Courtroam
Epilegue...... To The Audience
CREDITS
Lighting..... Jon Konheim,
                          Debbie Bersin
Sound.....Jon Marks
Stage and Construction Crews.... Debbie Bersin, Bobbie Miller,
                         Joan Miller, Sue Warshall,
                        Allene Rubin, Nancy Hirsh,
                    Rima Berg
Property Mistess.....Laurie Cohen
Chief Carpenters..... Bobby Blank, Lucy Gilbert
Music for the longs...... Stefan Wolpe Blass
Arranged and Conducted by ..... David Katz
Chamber Orchestra.....
      Liesel i'antke & Bartara Bulova violins
      David Anton cello
      Jess Weinger oboe
      Toby Robison & Selwyn Cohen clarinets
      Charles Cintor bassoon Jeff Mann percussion
Alan Chartok trumpet Lois Engelson piano
SETS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY Jack and Phoebe Sonnenberg
DIRECTED BY LESLIE CHARLOW
```

ALLAN AT THREE P.M. TODAY...."

The busy hum of a sewing machine is often heard from the cabin with the big awning. Sara Allan is patiently working on costumes for the next dance or dramatic production.

After a half hour, she has finally convinced the actors or dancers to stand still for their fittings and now she is transforming pieces of cloth and decoration into elaborate Chinese dresses. This particular production requires more than twenty costumes. The carefully done and cleverly fashioned clothing shows the work and the time Sara has put in.

Sara has a costume closet full of fascinating costumes from all the plays given in recent years. A rummage through the closet reveals a complete ward-robe of old-fashioned and modern dress, country and city attire, and foreign and American wear. All of these were made by Sara during the past few years. Often in subsequent plays these costumes reappear. Santa Claus' robe is inherited by Little Nell. Deaths' black garments become Hilton Hays' cape. Dresses change character with the addition of a belt of the elimination of the collar.

But still, every production depends upon Sara Allan for original and difficult costumes, for her beautiful work adds immeasurable quality to each presentation.

ELLY WILE



here is an hour during the day when the Print Shop and its new annex are bathed in silence. A group of creative writers ponder in the midst of the thoughtful quiet, when the sun is just setting and the mosquitos are satisfying their evening! ust.

Inspired by the mood of a day that has just passed, we sit and write. We write what we feel, poetry, prose, or just phrases to express our thoughts and imaginings.

These are the feelings and wishes we have often had about life, love, God, people, places, and plans. This summer we have sat in the Print Shop, missing baseball games and chamber music concerts, in order to write them down. During the summer we published "Midsummer Thoughts," containing the work we had done. Here is some more of our creative writing.

rose

BELINDA GOLD

Rose:

Pure red: ppon a milk white breast,

Fragrant and sweet,

The delicate breeze whispers through your petals,

Rose oh Rose,

Your home is joy,

Your mother beauty.

In June you live a thousand times,

Blessing each of Heaven's tears that fall upon your velvet robes.

You have known sadness,

But mirth is more often your companion.

Your perfume has been copied, never matched.

The harp's sweet voice is harsh,

Compared to the nightingales who sing your praises,

Rose your presence is beauty personified.

Tonight I feel very happy and contented. My parents came last evening and I had both a serious talk and an amusing one. They were here for only about three quarters of an hour, but I feel I understood them and they did me. How can I feel blue?

Perhaps the only thing blue about me this evening is my clothes: blue jeans and a blue checked shirt. I feel satisfied, but maybe, for only a little while, as tonight I will have to talk about something I know nothing about. How can I feel blue when there are so many interesting people to be with and so many wonderful things to do? In any possible blue moments (there have been several this summer) the environment plus the people help you quickly change your color to either exciting, adventurous red, or a happy contented yellow. If you feel blue, people will feel blue with you to try to change or comfort you. People are wonderful when I me feeling low.

There is only one blue day here at camp. That is the departure from this place. But more exciting things will happen.

How can I feel blue?

CAROL HOFFMAN

blue

Blue is everywhere. It can be seen from ocean to river, city to hamlet and mountain to hill. The world is never without it, for with it would go the sparkling, never yielding purity which dominates us.

Blue is the small boy in overalls, who sleeps in the hayloft under the stars.

Blue is the sky, and all the majestic beauty it holds for the young in spirit and the wayfaring adventurer.

Blue is peace and placed quiet. Blue is ice. Blue is fire. It is bliss and intelligence. Blue is each of these, but most of all it is the future. Those with courage and open hearts may ride the blue carpet into a far yonder trail, and, blue will always be there to guide them to those unknown regions it has already explored.

SUE SEIDEMAN

yellow

The stony dirt road wandered aimlessly through the Connecticut country-side, marking a guiding boundry line between the dense green, brown and yellow foliage lining either side.

was full the freez water tieg their bountiful ra-

The breeze wove delicately through the leaves, tickling them into motion.

A thin whispy cloud lazed sweetly on its way.

Past the shubbery on one side rolled a thick carpeted field. Each timid stalk, perfection in its shy other glow, raised its singing head to a basking sun.

Through the branches on the other side reached more branches, and still more. Light and dark greens. Brown. Startled by gold and red. Reaching to the hills.

Hills of green to mountains of blue, purple, and black. Mountains warming their cool brows in the depths of a smilling sky.

Around and around and down the dusty little road a warm peach yellow glow caressed the farmland.

NAOMI ADELMAN

Now, with the trees whispering their bountiful refrains, I sit beneath their swaying boughs and write. My thoughts seem to ebb with the atmosphere of loveliness and calmness that the country brings.

When the winds decide to send one of their gentle breezes, it dissolves the stickiness and warmness around me. Then the high grasses ripple like the warters; the trees rustle as if telling great and wonderful secrets; the air is cool and inviting; but now the breezes are gone. What is left is the warmness of the sun flowing down from the heavens above me. The earth is still, with only nature herself and me in the world. The birds are twittering and singing to you, the world, and to myself, their plentiful melodies echoing again and again through the meadow. The crickets seem to love to chatter incessantly. The silky, airy, delicate threads that belong to the web of some scurrying spider, sparkle in the bright rays of the sun. The ants work continuously; the bees buzz. Here is nature in her full glory.

The clouds above me glide in all their abundance hardly stopping to echo their tidings. They are full and billowing with their own silvery whiteness.

nature

The clouds drift away and the sky, rich and blue, is left. Clear, oh so clear are the heavens now.

From far, far away comes the sound of civilization.

But away from civilization for just a little while!

I want to be smothered in the real nature.

Not far from this spot is a little brook, tinkling along gally. Can you picture it as I can? I can't see it but the bubbling sounds which the breeze blows towards my ears help me to visualize it.

The branches of the great oak under which I'm sitting are rocking back and forth, back and forth. The tree is heavy with leaves and it casts such a full and beautiful shadow. Tall and majestic stands the tree. A symbol of strength and of all nature. Tall and proud stands the tree. A symbol of love and beauty. Tall and wonderful stands the tree. A symbol of God and His earth.

Now, as I look about me I see nature in her full warmth, glory and abundance. I look around me at nature and I feel "All's right with the world."

The bomb had come and a terrible battle for survival had followed. Now, this one man alone was left. His body dropped to the earth in exhaustion, and he lay there. As the sun shone upon him it burned his skin but he felt it not as he slept. After many hours had passed, the brilliant sun slowly set behind the hill. The sky grew darker and the night air was cool. The moon appeared and as its light touched the body it gave his face an eerie look, but the man took no notice for he was now in a world of silence.

At last, the stars too were gone and the sky grewlighter. The dawn was approaching and the rays of the sun were warm, as they spread over the different parts of the earth.

Then the man awoke and he was rested. He got up from the bare ground and said to himself, "I have much work to do this day. I will build a farm and plant crops on which to live. My body is rid of this sleep and I must hurry."

The man turned toward the glaring ball of fire and started to walk away. A little figure turned to follow him. He was an angel of God, sent to help this man start a better civalization, and build a new world, of peace.

JANET KONIG

alone

silence

They say silence is golden. But no. They're wrong. Silence is silver, glass, lead, but not gold.

Gold is too harsh, too, yes, of course, too loud. Gold notes fame, lust, griety, not silence.

Silver is silence - pure, tranquil, mellow, tender, a quiet which lasts long enough, but not too long. A stillness of soul, contentment. Far away - so far.

Glass is also silence - delicate, fragile. Wrapped in a veil of stillness, yet outside beyond the wispy veil is the crude racket of the world, softened and filtered by the glass to a sound appropriate to silence.

Lead too is silence - thick, heavy, lost silence. Without end. Too long, too deep. Death.

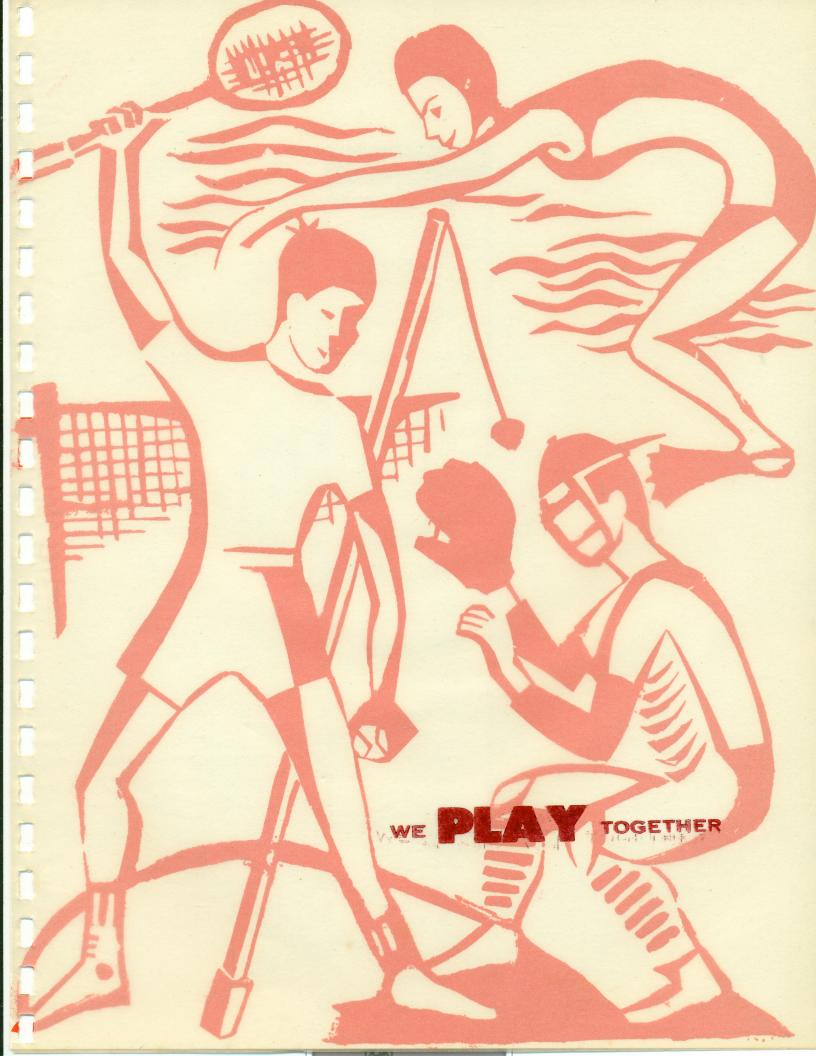
But not gold. Never gold. NAOMI ADFIMAN

Inspiration

I am inspired, inspired to write beautiful words, to say glorious things, to do marvelous deeds. I want to throw my emotions down on paper, open them to the world. My heart is bursting with thoughts of love, beauty, with joy of 1,3 fe. The world would benefit from my joy and my enthusiasm if I should choose to reveal my spirit. But though I feel the words well up within me, I am afraid. I fear the world I love so much. I do not want the world to know my deepest thoughts, it may laugh, it may criticize. My thoughts are sacred to me. I could not bear their being misused. I fear the world knowing me too well. My life would be open to it and I would have no possessions. I fear my self. I fear revealing myself to myself. Thus the words, the deeds, remain inside, but not dormant. They will find a way out when I have conquered the world. ELLY WILE

he spirits are high
When our camp is at play,
The Buck's Rock spirit
Lasts through the day.

Sportsmanship and friendliness
Add to the fun.
It's ours to enjoy,
'Til the summer is done.



"33-no | count---34"



69 Papermill Road, the house where mail is delivered through the telephone box, is the address of a separate, unique department of camp. It houses the waterfront crew, headed by General Swim, alias Bob Sacks, assisted by Matty Bergen and Joan O'Rourte.

This cabin, with the exterior decoration by Sue Berman and Barbara Millman, is the night lodging place for a new arrival this year, the tag board. On its cuphooks, an accurate (?) check of the campers in -- and under the water, is kept.

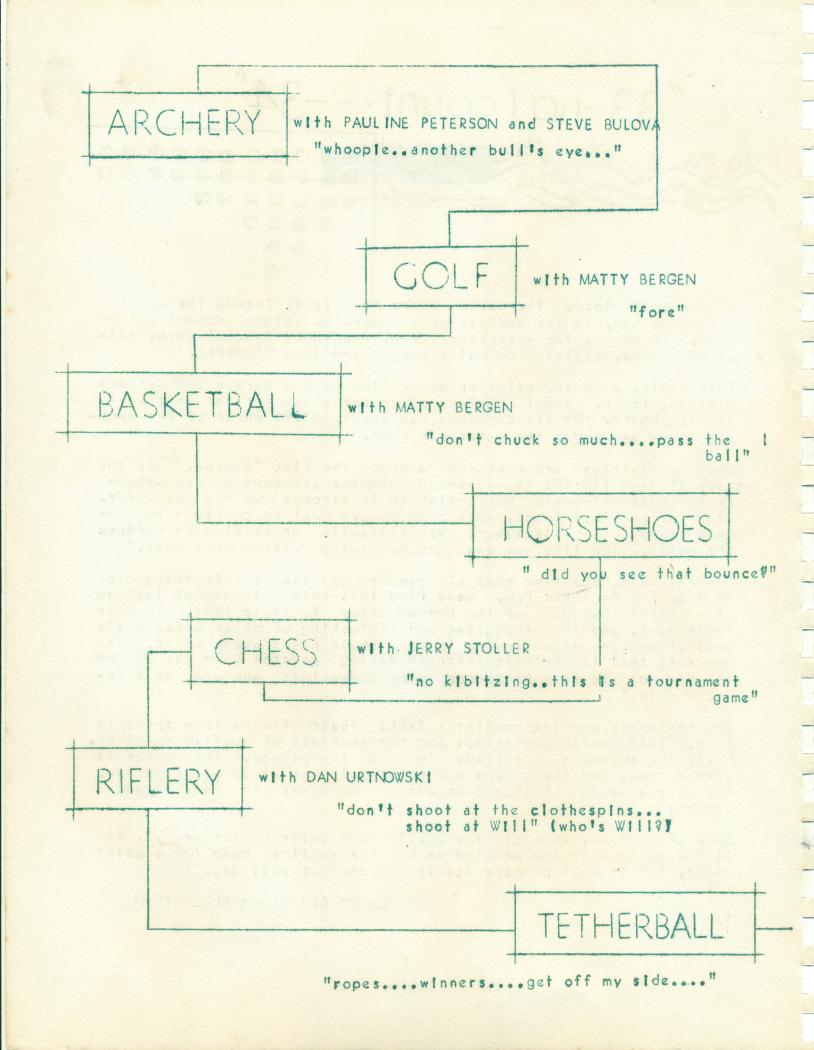
Many activities are centered around the tiny "cabana." At the crack of dawn (10:40) the advanced swimmers are down at the water-front conscientiously perfecting their strokes in the icy water. Right after first lunch, when campers are most susceptible to stomach cramps, the lifesavers are valiantly practicing to enforce the motto, "The life you save may be paying tuition next year."

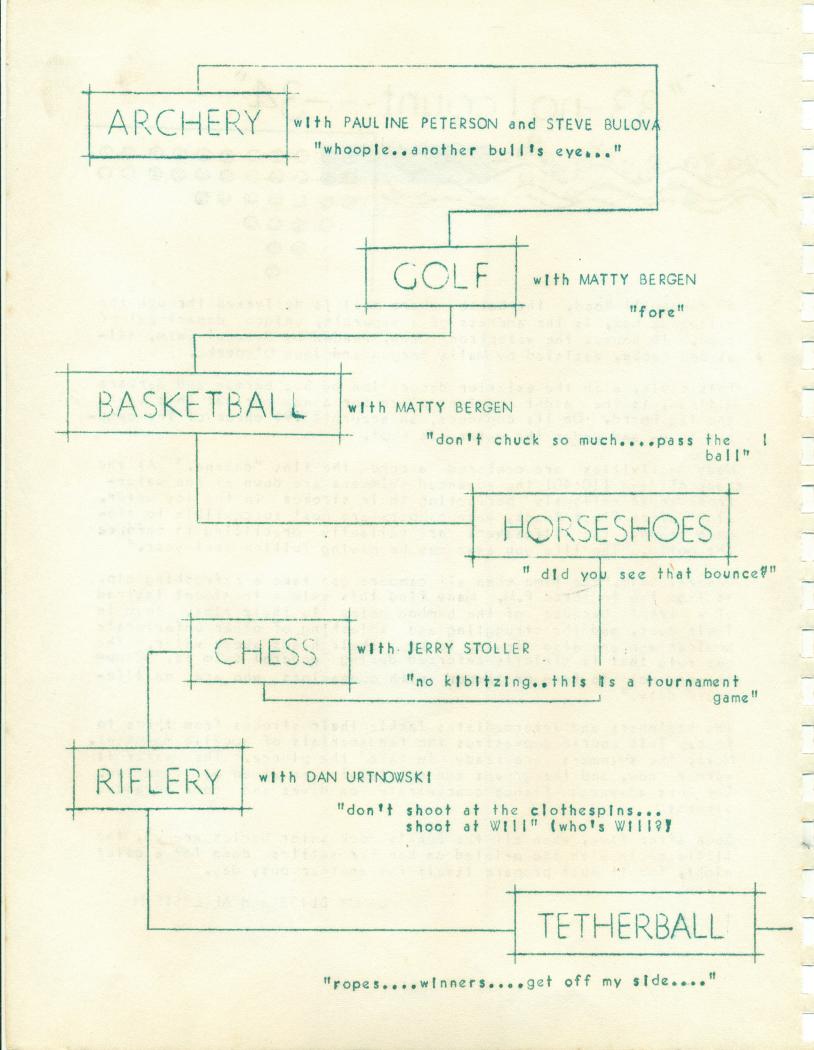
General Swim, the time when all campers can take a refreshing dip, is from two to three P.M. Many find this swim a treatment instead of a treat because of the bamboo poles in their ribs, soap in their eyes, and the struggling and splashing of other unfortunate novices who are also trying to keep their heads above water. The one rule that is strictly enforced during general swim is, "Campers are not to feed or tamper with counselors who are on lifeguard duty."

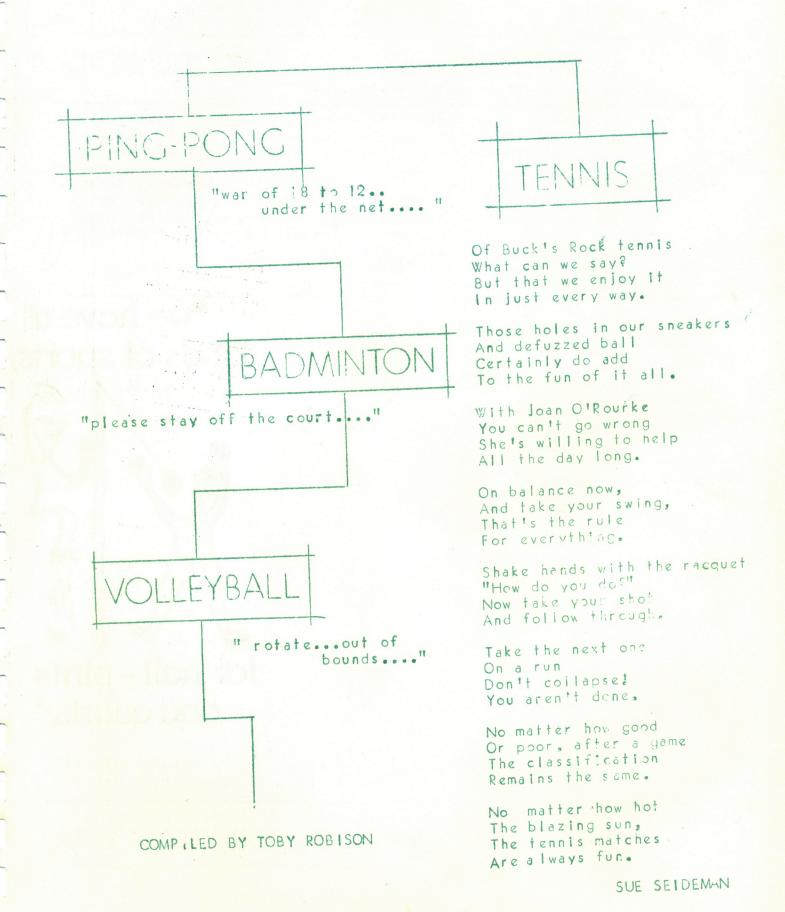
The beginners and intermediates tackle their strokes from three to four. This course emphasizes the fundamentals of aquatic movement. Next, the shimmers are ready to take the plunge. The water is warmer now, and the groans and complaints are at an all time low. The more advanced fishes concentrate on dives and more advanced strokes.

Soon after five, when all the Buck's Rock water babies are up, the little cabin with the painted on knocker settles down for a quiet night, for it must prepare itself for another busy day.

CANDY BLISS and AL EPSTEIN







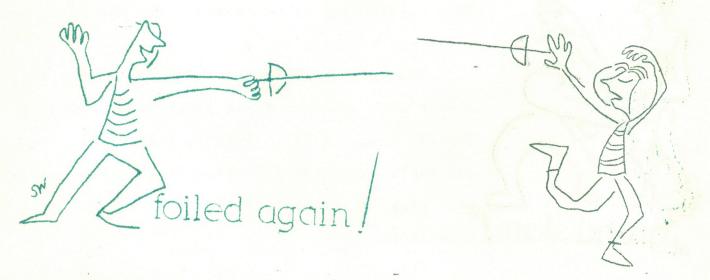
ARCHERY	Buck's Rock's little Robin Hoods meet often in the field behind the Giri's House Annex. The archers shoot for scores in attempts to get one of the eight awards.
BADMINTON	Badminton wound up its active year in tournaments conducted by Steve Silver. So many people like to play that a second court has been discussed.
BASKETBALL	There has been high interest in this year's basketball program, with about thirty people coming out to play. A win against New Milford was one of their best victories.
CHESS	No matter what time it is, or what activities are planned, you can always find someone playing chess. We have had a rapid transit tournament, many variations on the game, and the Buck's Pock open chess tournament, which most people who enjoy chess, enter. No matter who wins, everyone has a good time.
GOLF	Fore! This is the first year of golf at Buck's Rock. From the number of campers who turned out, it is obvi-
	ous that it has been a success. The one hole course, built by the campers themselves, has been named the nineteenth hole.
HORSESHOES	This popular activity keeps many campers busy. The play- ers' main complaint, which they voice very often, is their lack of luck.
PING-PONG	Wherever you go on the camp- us, the gentle tap of the ping-pong ball is heard. The popularity of the game is demonstrated by the many tables and sets of rules.
RIFLERY	This year, riflery has been an extremely successful activity. Recently, a sixth range, three new targets, and an offhand (standing) target have been added. Campers who never before handled rifles have earned many National Rifle Association Awards.
TETHERBALL	Wham! Watch that ball wrap around that pole! Tetherball can be a rough aport, but that doesn't leave anyone out as shown by the number of eager players.
- Philipping (2)	Edited by TOBY ROBISON Reported by Charles Cantor, Steve Figler, Erica Mann,

Edited by TOBY, ROBISON
Reported by Charles Cantor, Steve Figler, Erica Mann,
Joel Pensky, and Toby Robison.

Each day sounds of "Parry, thrust," "touche," and "foiled again" were heard from the Social Hall porch at 10 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon. These commands were part of the vocabulary of the Buck's Pock fencers. The Social Hall porch was the fencers' permanent headquarters until later in the summer when they repaired to their newly made field.

The Buck's Rock fencing program, under the direction of Elsa Walburg (Fencey), boasted of many added attractions this year. Among these were two fencing exhibitions, both directed by Mr. Ken Shailer, former Connecticut State Fencing Champion. The first included a demonstration by Mr. Clarke Cady, former Blind Fencing Champion of Massachusetts. Listeners were pelted with many pertinent bits of information during the exhibitions but, probably the most interesting of all to the fencers was the statement that persons with higher I.Q.'s were those attracted to fencing.

Another highlight of the season was a fencing tournament in which there were fourteen participants. The tournament, held in mid-August, was officiated by members of the Water-



bury Féncers Club, and as in all recognized tournaments, the winner, Stan Siegel, received an engraved medal. As an extra reward, our champion fenced the former state champ. Although Stan was not quite a match for our guest's lightning fast speed, much was gained by all the fencers through our champ's experience.

Eleven of our fourteen tournament fencers began as prep fencers this year and, through much effort and time on both theirs and the instructors' parts became fairly advanced fencers. hroughout the summer the fencers were grouped into three groups, these being prep, intermediate, and advanced.

As the culmination of our fencers' efforts, an exhibition was: planned for Festival day, including various maneuvers, comedy bouts, and lessons in the art of fencing.

Rock, once again was displayed in full color this year.

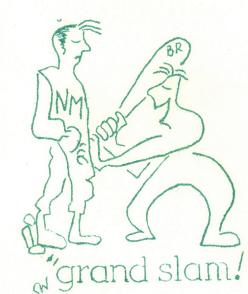
The Varsity, heading the list of baseball activities, was run by Steve Silver. It had a rough season, although the members played a viegorous game. Their first encounter against New Milford turned out to be a squeaker. Although the Buck's Rock nine lost, it was by the slimmest possible margin - one run. The fact that they rallied for seven runs in the last inning added spark to the game.

The Watermelon League also was a colorful affair with all four teams thick in the running for the league title. Team I, with Brook Hart as captain, outclassed the other three teams and thus distinguished themselves as league champions.

The girls, not to be outdone, formed a softball league for themselves. Many an afternoon, Ernie would announce: "Girls softball practice at four." Their first contest, played against the Junior Varsity, was a dismal affair, but none could say that the girls didn't have it in spirit and determination.

During this past season, baseball was heartily enjoyed by participants and spectators alike.

JERRY RINDLER



If you go down Buck's Rock Road and turn at the Farmhouse, you come to the barn. At five P.M. you will see a tall man with tousled red hair picking up huge forkfuls of hay as fast as CIT's Hedy Harris and Lenny Dworkin can pitch them down from the hay loft above. As you know, this is Red Barden, the riding instructor.

Meanwhile, about five eager campers are feeding the horses oats and watering their favorites. Red feels that learning to take care of the horses is just as important as learning good horsemanship.





In the riding department there are some fifty riders ranging from kids who have never ridden before to those who have participated in horseshows. Beginners learn to have confidence in their horses and themselves and to post and to trot. More advanced riders concentrate on better form and learn to canter. Everyone who takes riding leaves Buck's Rock with a better understanding of horses as well as horsemanship.

On August II, four hopeful riders left Buck's Rock for the Litchfield Horse Show. The riders, RIma Berg, Hedy Harris, Ellen Larsen, and Gail Pierce, competed in open horsemanship, hack, and jumping classes. Although they took no ribbons, the experience they gained and the fun they had were well worth the effort.

As usual, I was one of the lucky ones. Oh, such luck! It shouldn't happen to a snake!

At the proper time, I boarded a big blue bus. It was numbered "one." I was going to Stratford, Conn. to see Shakespeare's Measure for Measure. Well, let's put it this way, I never went, the last measure.

After waiting half an hour to begin, and picking up an extra five passengers (because their bus hadn't come yet) we were finally on our way (! thought).

We were smoothly riding along, seeing all the beautiful, green Connecticut mountains and land-scape, when - bumpity bump, jerk, and kerplunk, we were no longer smoothly riding at all. We were standing still, on the side of a highway.

As it was getting hot in the bus, we got out and strolled on the cool, green grass near the high-way. We sat, talked, sang, and listened to Les tell stories. There were sixteen girls and four boys, so I guess the boys didn't mind particularly. As for me, it was nothing but frustration. We were there for about two and a half hours, on the side of a highway going to Stratford, with some soft bananas for companions.

At one point, two very friendly young gentlemen drove up to us in a dusty gray Pontiac and questioned us as to what was wrong. Our own cute Debbie Sacks explained the situation to them. They were very polite and set out to overtake buses to bring us to Stratford. No such luck!

Time for a snack and we enjoyed those lovely, brown, mushy bananas. Later (much later), we received news that a bus that was in a garage for repairs was going to rescue us and bring us to Stratford to see the fifth and final act.

At last! Lady Luck was kind to us and we caught sight of a bus gleaming in the sunlight. I was finally going to see my first live Shakespearean play! We all hustled into the bus and then came the news - the awful, horrible news. The bus couldn't take us to Stratford because its gears were no longer functioning and it just would not make it. So, here we were, in a bus, sitting calm, sool, and collected, going back to Buck's Rock from a place now known to us as "Half Way to Shakespeare."



Sunday morning, August 5, was a busy and exciting one for us Buck's Rockers. We were going to Tanglewood! While the girls put on their fancy dresses with fringe and lace, the boys wore Bermuda shorts. We ate breakfast and waited for the buses to come. Finally they arrived and we were off on the three hour ride to Tanglewood. As the buses rolled steadily along at a merry pace, we were all enjoying ourselves. Some of us slept while others sang and talked. It was fun!

At long last, we came tumbling in through the gates of the parking lot in Tanglewood. All of us came rolling out of the buses, got our tickets and went into the park where the concert was to be given. The grass in the different shades of green, the clean, blue sky with fluffy white clouds drifting through it, and all the other beautiful phases of nature were not noticed by campers of Buck's Rock, because at this time we were all concentrating on the lunch of chicken, potato chips, cake, peaches, and bug juice.

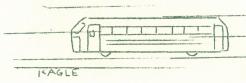
While we ate, Marty spied on us with his camera, so if we ate like pigs it was all being recorded. Cleaning up wasn't hard, since Bob Sacks went around with the garbage box. After that we walked around, and bought ice cream, soda, and other refreshments.

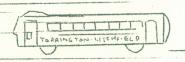
When the gong sounded it meant to take seats and get ready for the recital to begin. Naturally, we got our seats on the grass under the blazing, golden hot sun, far away from the orchestra. It would have been wonderful if we heard the music, but we got sunburns anyway.

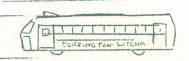
After the concert ended, we all got up and wearily walked back to the buses in the parking lot and got ready to face a long and dreary ride back to camp. Instead, it turned out to be fun again, as we sang and chatted, and before we knew it, we went to supper, red faces and all, back in the faithful old dining room. Music or no music, it was a day well spent for all concerned.

EVELYN BERMAN









"PLEASE, JUST ONE MORE NIGHT?"

The gong has just rung, and excitement mounts in the Girls House. This part of camp is going on an overnight. Sleeping bags line the floor, and everyone is warned to take extra warm clothes for a chilly night under the stars.

Dutch, who is in charge of the overnights, loads nineteen girls, two CIT's and one counselor on an open truck. The ride to Black Rock Park is almost as much fun as the actual over-night.

When the girls arrive, they are surprised to see how civilized Black Rock is. Inside one big tent there is a refrigerator and a storage bin for food. After everyone is done deciding whether to sleep under a pine grove, it's vegetable peeling time. In this case, it's no peel vegetables, no eat vegetables.

"Into bathing suits, girls, it's time for a swim!" The beach turns out to be unusually inviting. The sun is directly overhead, the waters are just right for swimming, and the life guards are exceptionally good looking. So let's go! By the time the girls come back to the camp site, they resemble lobsters.

A hike to the top of the mountain where the Black Rock is situated is promised after dinner. Everyone has his fill of the vegetables he helped prepare, and of steak. The hike to Black Rock is rewarding, rewarding because when the goal is reached the view of the Connecticut landscape is breathtakingly beautiful.

Someone said something about roasting marshmallows around a campfire after dark. That someone was right. The fire, along with five layers of clothing, manages to keep the girls somewhat warm. It's very dark now at Black Rock, and no matter how civilized the place seems in the daytime, when you put together a good ghost story teller, a dark night, and noises from the woods, you get some pretty scary results. After being scared out of ten years' growth, the girls crawl into their sleeping bags, for what they hope will be a good night. Since they cannot turn over in their sleeping bags, they become avid star watchers. Then there is quiet, the camping out group is as leep.

The sun rises, and there is the promise of a hot day. Eggs and toast are on the breakfast menu. Everyone has worked up quite an appetite. Someone is eledted to was hithe silverware in the stream near the camp. Not too many pieces float away.

"Down to the beach again, girls, and into the sun!" The lunch of this day is served on the beach.

Back again at the camp site, a reluctant group of girls pack their steeping bags and wait for Dutch, who will soon come to take them back to camp. As they board the truck, they think of a wonderful two days, two days which will certainly be remembered when they look back over the summer at Buck's Rock.

BELINDA, GOLD

"TONIGHT WHEN THE GONG RINGS."

The Buck!s Rock spirit is to be found in almost every one of the many evening activities, from the very beautiful abstract modern dances, to an exciting game of baseball. In entertainment such as a play, the spirit and enthusiasm is found in the audience as well as the players. In a game of baseball all the sports enthusiasts root for our team.

Each week we are entertained with an excellent movie. Many of us remember one movie in particular, while others remember all, taking a small thought from each.

Ernst's psychology classes are a very popular evening activity. Several films were shown and thoroughly discussed, both in organized groups and informally. Among the films we saw were, "Fears of Children," "The Feeling of Hostility," and the "Feeling of Rejection." Those who attend these classes seem to learn quite a bit from them.

The debate's and forums, organized by Jerry Stoller, introduce topics of discussion that last for many days. The members of the panel as well as the audience have a chance to express their opinions on interesting and controversial subjects. Many of us remember the discussion entitled "Buck's Rock Activities - the Problems We Face."

The campfires are an important part of every camp year. Sitting in front of an open fire listening to one of Ernst's stories gives us a pleasure seldom found elsewhere. We think of our happy and sad experiences at Buck's Rock and before.

Square dancing, run by Barry at the tennis courts, is a great deal of fun, reminding us of the rural atmosphere that we live in for eight weeks.

Talent Night was a great success, with the numbers varying from classical music to semi-classical to jazz. The miscellaneous programs, such as "I've Got a Secret," the scavenger hunt, and "Showcase," added humor and variety.

We remember the quiet evenings spent more intellectually, asserting to poetry readings by Cora and Les, sitting in the Katz Bowl hearing recorded concerts of classical, folk, and show music, and enjoying chamber music performances.

We have Elsa Walberg, who is in charge of our entertainment program, to thank for all of our enjoyable evenings at Buck's Rock.

JONATHAN MARKS



camp like this? she thought. She had arrived that morning hoping to find many people whom she could be friends with. All the others were old campers and were too busy exchanging exciting news to bother with her. Since the morning she had arrived, not a person had said a friendly "Hi" to her. At home she had a circle of friends. Why couldn't it be the same at camp? Trying not to show her tears, she rushed back to her bunk. Sitting alone, she started to think. "Maybe I haven't been friendly with the other campers? Why should they all rush over to me?" She decided she would give a friendly "Hi" to the next person she saw.

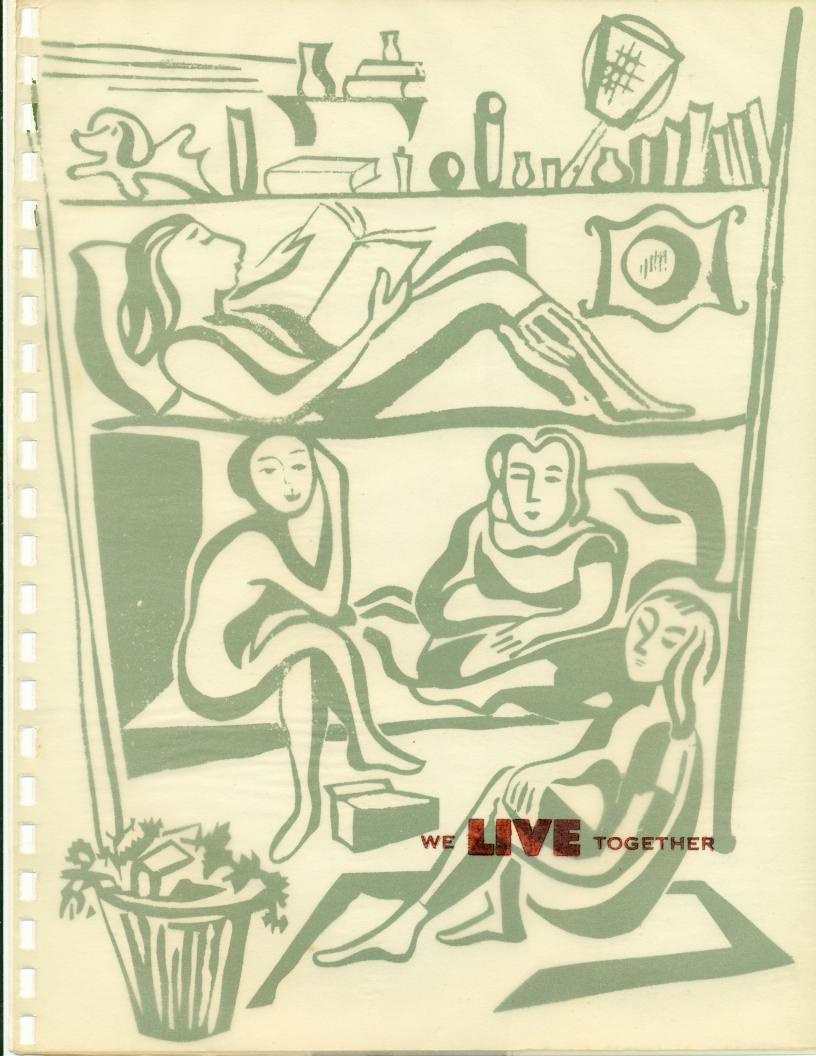
Slowly she walked out of her bunk and looked around. Right under the nearby oak tree she saw a girl about her age just sitting there. "I'll go up to her. She must be new also." Full of friendly feeling, she walked up to the girl and greeted her.

An hour later two figures walked arm in arm toward their bunks chattering like old friends.

7

taunch companions
At Buck's Rock are we
Combining our efforts
To live happily.

A bull session Or hearty pillow fight Always makes For a life of delight.



ight down the road, next to the beloved infirmary, is our home, the Farmhouse. There is never a dull moment there.

Outside you can always find a game of ping-pong going on. When you're just about to serve, and it's a point game, someone comes along wearing a very familiar-looking pair of Bermudas. You say, "I have the same thing."

"Of course, they!re yours," she answers. You stand still for a second as she walks nonchalant-ly down the road.

All of a sudden a scream is heard through the Farmhouse. "Martha!" Next comes the familiar cry, "Hurry up in the bathroom." Then along comes someone, pokes the towel out of the peek-hole, and says, "Lemme in." Back comes the answer, "Ach too, I'm bruthing my teef." And so it goes in our bathroom.

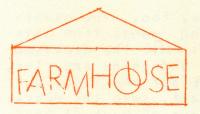
Getting us up in the morning and getting us to go to sleep at night is the hardest job for the coun selors, who are Martha, Pat, Susi, and Marcia. They think we are all dozing off, when suddenly a cry comes through the darkness, "Who wants a cook ie?" You hear the patter of big feet all running in the same direction. After we have all gotten our share of a stomach ache, in comes Pat and says in a real rough tone, "Can I have a cookie too?" When she's eaten to her heart's content, she breaks up the party. At last we are all settled in bed, In the morning, we try very unsuccesfully to get up. Finally, by the first breakfast gong, Martha's trusty alarm clock blasts off. That gets us up!

Laundry day is a big thing at the Farmhouse, or rather a big nuisance, By the time we are all done, we're ready for third breakfast. Then back comes the laundry with awful results, Our underwear is starched and ironed, and our chinos and dungarees are thoroughly wrinkled. Also, battles are going on in different bunks,

So that's about it in the Farmhouse with troubles and fun, But, just the same, we all love the joint.

FELICE ELIAS and JANET GOLDSTEIN

"Lemme in!"



"Swab the deck!"

ife in the Boys! House is loads of fun, especially when you wake up in the morning to find Bergie counting over you with a glass of water in his hand. You realize that he means to throw water over you if you don't get out of bed. By this time, the cold water is dripping down your back. You must understand, though, that Bergie doesn't want to do this—the only reason he does is to maintain his reputation.

There is a bright side, too. You usually-wake to the charming words from Dave
Anton of (and I quote) "Hit the deck, you
heck, rise and shine, and shine and rise,
baked beans for breakfast and last, but
not by any means least, swab the deck,
swab jockies." The boys of bunk 71 have
decided that poor old Dave still has a
streak of the navy in him.

Then the rest of the day it is rather quiet except after lunch when everybody is looking for Anna Anton and the mail.

In the evening after the gong has rung and you are late there is nary a one who can sneak into the room and escape the watchful eye or ear of SHERLOCK BERGAN. The look he gives you makes you shrink three feet and makes you want to run into the nearest corner. Even the mightiest he-men crumble under the mighty blow of Bergie's stare.

And so passes another day in the unforgetable BOYS! HOUSE.

STEVE LIPSON



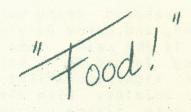
"Eight counselors!"

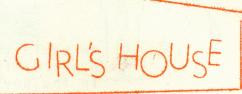
ow would you like to be awakened every morning by screaming, a mambo band, and Harry Belatonte? In the Boy's Annex, this is the case. Some people believe that the gong is enough to wake us poor campers up, but our eight counselors certainly do not share this opinion. Five minutes after the gong gongs, a very sleepy counselor, Dan Urtnowsky, comes through the annex carrying of all things, a loudspeaker blaring the mellow sounds of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" or some other titing musical extravaganza. This does slightly more than the gong, Eventually the other seven misfits stagger in, and complete the invasion.

BOYS! ANNEX

There is one thing no house but the Annex can brag about, and that is that no matter where you go around camp you'll always stumble across an Annex counselor. In the shops we have four agents, Alpine and Alblank, Art Laufer, and A.B. Dick Levity (Clevery). In athletics we planted Matty Bergen, and as our look-out (rifle and all we positioned Dan, with double duty of master surgeon at the Biology Lab. We have two engineers, Pete Cohen, in construction, and .Stan Wetsenberg in the incinerator. So... wherever you go, or wherever you look, you'll never find a more varied conglomeration of counselors than those of the BOY'S ANNEX.

the Annex besides the infamous. counselors
There is the hockey league (NHLBR), which plays
dally matches in the bunk 61-62 stadium with
Buck's Rock hockey sticks and pucks. There are
dart games against a gigantic "Sam" picture on
the door. Nobody can forget the striped and
checkered curtains which supposedly match the
exquisite interior of our bunks. Other attractions include BABU (Boyls Annex Banana Union),
mattresses and springs failing from upper berths
water bombs, and "Magic Marker" murals. As you
can see, there are other reasons for the annex's
popularity besides its counselors.





awn is breaking and throughout the Girls House all is tranquil. Suddenly, sounds similar to the trampling of hoofs and screeching of cars are heard. Excitement rises and then ceases because it's just a group of vivacious girls ascending to the "John!" The bathroom is where gatherings are held and it is congested 99% of the day.

Troublesome as we are, our conscientious counselors, Judy, Liesel, Cora and Mimsi, do a laudable job of supervising us. Being typical teenagers, our conversation naturally leans to boys, clothes, and food. We are full of enthusiasm and we attend all activities (when possible and convenient).

Promptness at meal times is a practice acquired as a result of excessive hunger. Following evening entertainment we return to our bunks and proceed to find pajamas amidst the mess. The familiar call of the O.D. is then heard, "Wash up, dry up, and shut up!" Someone shouts, "Food!" and all thirty-five girls cram themselves into a two-bunk.

Come what may, the Girls House of 156 gets things accomplished. Our everlasting motto is, "Let the gong ring!"

LYDIA ORENS and DIANE STOLLER

"May I borrow GIRLS' ANNEXT

hy is it that the strongest, toughest and most athletic counselors were chosen to work in the Girls Annex? Because the motto of the Girls Annex 1s "Survival of the fittest;"

In case our motto puzzles you, let us describe some of the high spots in a typica! day.

About five minutes after wake-up gong, we are gently awakened by our counselors, (Pauline and Sexy) with "Get up, lovelies!" As they continue to wisit, they use different tactics each time: lights go on, then off; blankets are pulled off, then magically pulled up again; finally we stagger out of bed.

Crowds greet us when we try to enter the bathroom. Eye for eye, tooth for tooth we fight for a mirror, while others arrange a breakfast in bed. Afterwards we come back for clean-up (at least that's what it's called).

The rest of the morning passes uneventfully for most of us.

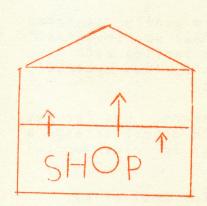
During the middle of the day, the Annex is pretty empty. Then around wash-up, the whole Annex comes to life.

After showers, the girls come out either scorched or frozen. Choruses of "May i borrow...?" can be heard by anyone passing by the Annex. At last, ready for dinner, we troupe up to the Social Hall.

After the gong rings ending evening activities all hell refigns. In thirty-five minutes, we take off our dungarees with insistent proding. Then, amazingly enough, in three minutes, we get washed, undressed, set our hair and get into bed. Of course we don't stay in bed. Some of us have banquets, others drop down (literally) for a visit, while still others write letters and read.

The Annex girls have survived another day at Buck's Rock.

JOAN SCHLOESSINGER MARILYN SEITMAN "People live here?"

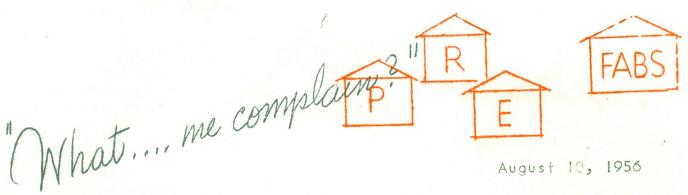


ap - you're a Shop boy! You will live in the area above the wood, metal-craft, art, photography, and ceramice shops, with seven other fifteen-year-old boys. You will have the convenience of the only two window fans in camp along with the inconvenience of bumping your head on the sloping ceiling. You can put the low ceiling to use by knocking your head against it when life gets boring. You will have many comforts: water when it rains, light as long as the fireflies hold out, and the cross-ventilation until they patch up the holes in the roof.

The age old problem of campers is counselors. However, the Shop boys seem to have very little trouble with handling and adjusting their counselors, Marty and Adele Weiss.

Should an O, D. enter one of the two stuffy, weirdly shaped rooms at night, he soon becomes part of the singing, joke-telling group. After a while, the boys fall asleep to the last weak strains of Oklahoma.

SELWYN COHEN, ELLA DOBKIN, & PAUL FRANK



Dear Mom and Dad,
My bunk is large, airy and spacious, It is very handsomely furnished.

All the boys are swell and they keep their things real neat. If only we had a bathroom we'd really be in business.

At night we gently rock ourselves to sleep in the cool comfort of our luxurious beds.

Our counselors take a motherly and fatherly interest in us. Good old Uncle Bob thought up some swell projects to keep us happy and busy. We've chopped trees, hauled logs and creosoted them and painted the big, green truck. One of our boys couldn't stand the strain and had to go home.

We went on a great overnight, the biggest out of camp, but we had to go to a concert, too. It was worth it, though, to get away from our counselors.

We're such a hard bunch to manage that Uncle Bob and Aunt Debbie had to call in two baby sitters with carrots in their ears.

There's a swell bunch of fellows working outside making us a new living room but we don't understand what all the counters and vegetables are for.

Some CIT took a picture of all of us the other day but it must have broken his camera, since we haven't seen the results.

Uncle Bob says he would like to have a little talk with you when you come up.

Please send money and food! Lots of food, because of Uncle Bob's food tax. He says no food unless you share it with the counselors.

Your loving son, Melvin

(Written by the Pre-Fab Boys)

A A

"Wake up, Jacob!"

Jewis C.

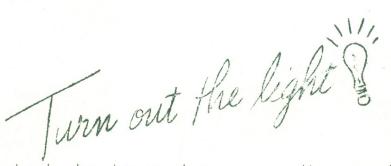
In the tent area. This group of structures, which seems to be on the "wrong side of the tracks" in Buck's Rock, houses the male CIT'S and some counselors. The tents have an advantage over the other buildings at camp in that they have built-in fans (when the wind blows) and doors on four sides. The people in this area are even more interesting than their lodgings. You can hear folk music, accordian playing, and Rock in Roll at the same time. All these compensate for the wintery aights when it is cold outside) and the constant fear of getting wet (when it rains), even though I haven't been dampened yet.

Remember, camper, when you become a CIT, you too will be in the tents!

LENNY DWORKIN







Ifter about two hours at camp, we discovered how easy it would be to live up to the name of our bunk, "Grand Central." Although we welcome visitors with a large Exit sign on the door, the response is sometimes overwhelming. They not only make it impossible for us to move but also for us to converse.

Our bunk boasts of all the modern conveniences: a hair drier with no hot air, two radios that can't play WQXR, a yellow light that keeps our half the bugs and all the light, toilet paper with no toilet, six unpaired pairs of white sneakers, and a tremendous mirror that is off angle no matter how you look at it. Therefore, for the mirror, we have a cushioned stool which would be just the right height without the pile of clothes, newspapers, and stuffed animals on top of it.

Determined to augment our intellectual capacity, we adhere to the mirror three words a day from You Too Can Win a Scholarship.

When Dutch asks us to turn out our yellow light, we immediately switch on our huge white spotlight, which is tentimes brighter. As soon as we have been fulled almost to sleep by Mendelsohn's Violin Concerto, someone has to get up and turn off our un-automatic record player. Every night we do an average of six things at once: one of us, hunched in the darkest cerner of her bed, mysteriously writes in her diary; another sits Indian fashion on the top of her double-decker bed, a clipboard and pencil in one hand, a book by a Russian author in the other, and a dictionary at her side, with a perplexed look underneath her specs; one trying to sleep in a leather jacket with a rubber foam pillow over her head and her pony tail sticking out; two of us enthusiastically discussing politics while setting hair and folding leotards; and the last practicing the guitar with hill billy music on the radio and Bantus Choral Folk songs on the victrola.

At various intervals during the day we are called to rehearsals for the dance, the CIT play and chorus, the Festival play, evening activity, folk singing, and Katz's chorus. Sometimes all these rehearsals fall at the same time. This is one of those times.

WEARECIT'S

the oldest campers, we know a little more about a certain area than many of the campers, and we have chosen to spend our summer working in that particular field. We have C.D., serving, and snack duties. Some of us live in tents.

We work at our chosen jobs, doing the hard work, learning responsibility, and practicing teaching. We are proud when we can show a camper something he does not know, and we glow inside when we receive his respect. We spend some of our time doing the work no one else wants.

But there is more to our lives as CIT's than these responsibilities. At night comes the highlight of the day, the long awaited CIT snack. Shouting, laughing, and singing, we all attach ourselves somewhere on, in, or around the pick-up and drive to the brightly littennis courts. After hopeful queries of "Chicken?" and the usual replies of "Salami," we settle down to singing and chatting as we roast marshmallows over our private campfire. At this point we amusedly watch some of the group disappear, hesitantly to O.D., furtively to the Social Hall, or sheepishly to bed.

Once we had a hayride after our snack. Squeezed in with thirty-eight others on the blue truck, we each sang happily to the landscape and blocked each other from the cold wind. And one evening we took our guitars, and singing gentle melodies, we serenaded the campers to sleep. We felt very proud when sleepy voices asked for more. Well, we gave it to them the next morning. A truckload of wildly singing CIT's was driven wildly to each house as a wild form of wake-up. From the glares and comments we received at a crowded first breakfast, we decided that the venture was successful. In other CIT activities, we have taught each other. Dancers have learned riflery, fencers have constructed, and thespians have printed. Every CIT took part in the production of our play.

The life of a CIT has its rough spots too. We usually don't mind serving or O.D. duty, but it is sometimes rather trying. Serving gets monotonous after twenty meals or so. Serving snack is an abrupt change after the luxury of having it brought to you. And when on O.D., it is a great temptation to accept the proffered bribes and go to bed.

The best part of being a CIT, and the hardest part to put down in words, is not unique to this group, but includes the entire camp. This is the deeply felt friendships that have grown up with the counselors who help us, the campers whom we help, and the other CIT's with whom we work and spend our time. The close comradeship in this group is felt by everyone as we work on the projects and join in the fun planned for us by Dutch. In our big happy family of CIT's, with Dutch a sister to all of us, we feel we can handle any problem or difficulty that arises and have the most wonderful summer of our lives.

here are many things to remember ambout this summer at Buck's Rock. But most vividly remembered are the people with whom we did our work and had our tum. The experiences, both sched with our tellow campers, the CIT's, and the counselors, were all a part of a very special summer. These are the incidents we want to recall and the people we want to remember and tee during the winter.

WE REMEMBER TOGETHER

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND THE

BUGES ROGE

BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD, CONN.



FARM DISPLAY AND SELLING , SHOP EXH! BIT AND SALE OF PRODUCTS

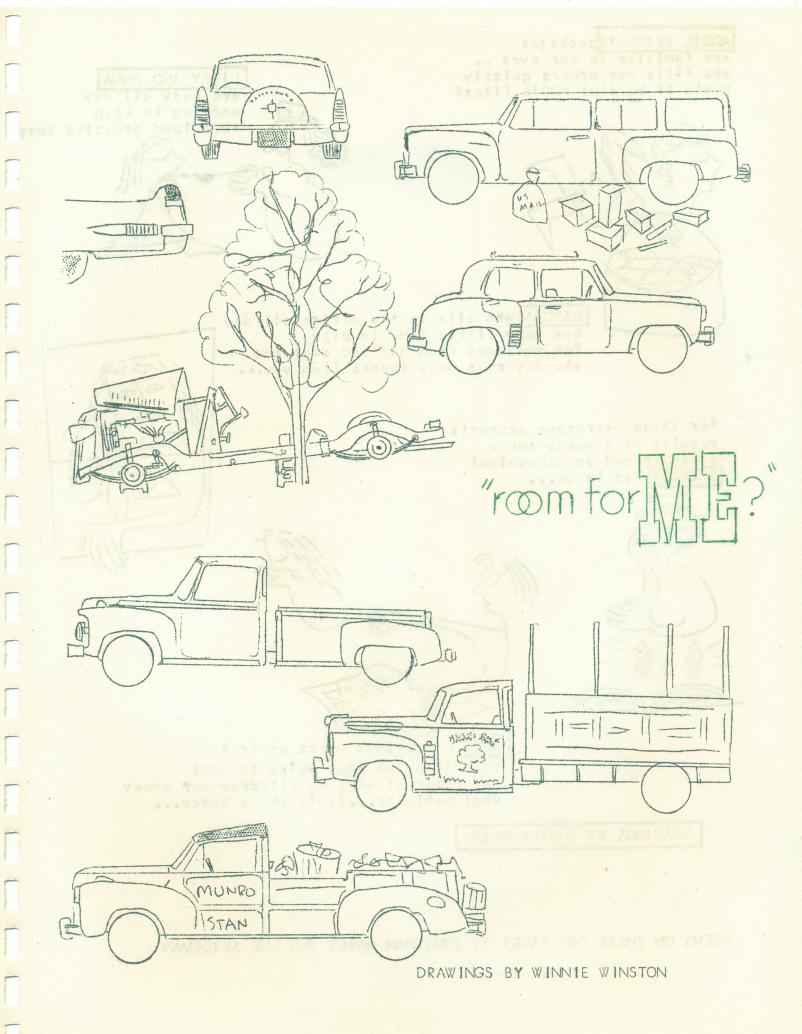
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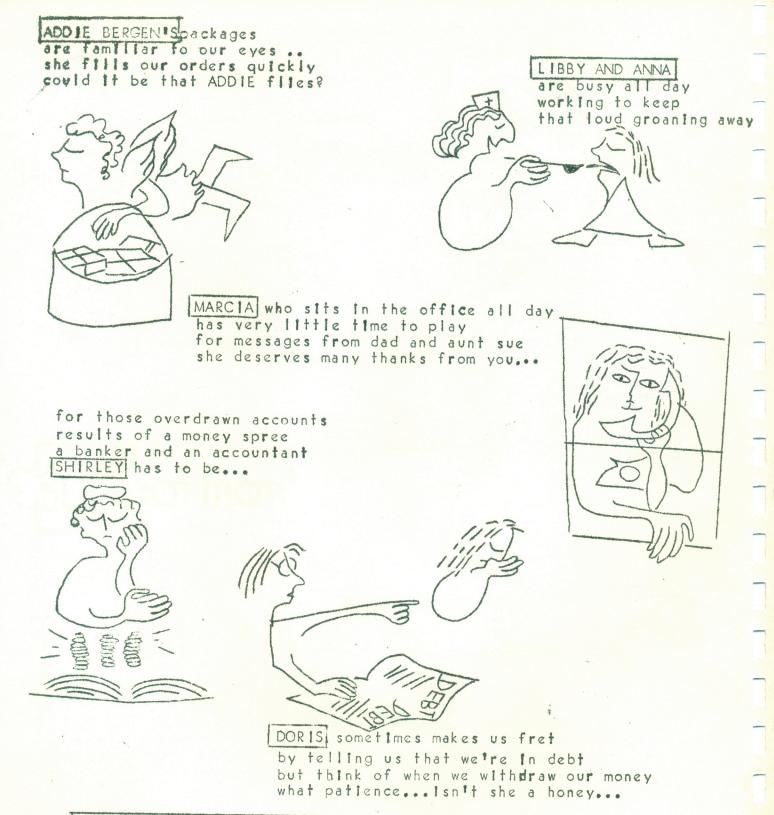
ON SATURDAY AUGUST 25TH 1956 FROM NOON UNTIL 11:00 P.M.
SUPPER WILL BE SERVED TO ALL OUR GUESTS FROM 5:30 - 7

PERFORMANCES BY OUR ORCHESTRA, CHORUS, FOLKSINGERS

A DANCE RECITAL, SQUARE DANCE DEMONSTRATION, FENCING EXHIBITION

A PLAY BY THE BUCK'S ROCK DRAMA GROUP AT THE STAGE AT 8:30 P.M.





DRAWINGS BY SHEILA WHITE

we owe our thanks to NOAH, (DR. BARYSH)
he didn' build an ark
but he did help us out
when we talked with a bark





JOAN AND JOYCE who serve till eve fill the tray of each Bobbi and Steve they never get any applause just AW's

thanks to PETE THE COOK
and AL THE BAKER
and to HANDY JOE
the repair maker

a big big vote of

JULIAN S

AND IF THERE ARE ANY PEOPLE WE DIDN'T MENTION THIS CERTAINLY WAS NOT OUR INTENTION



to

MUNRO and his garbage are really good pals he collects it as willingly as he collects gals

thanks to STAN who takes our garbage away

If he didn't

what an unpleasant day

Contact with Czechoslovakla.

Our "permanent stiffs" and Ernie's translation from French to German in the Lampoon Issue.

The telephone calls in the middle of the movies.



A camper's remark at one of the forums, "If it weren't for the people who shoveled cow flop, we would starve to death."

Our "Kelly" crew.

When Les made first breakfast because of the CIT wake-up band.

The selling of french fried kaopectate during the "Purge".

The SPPC, CIO, WOW, AFTO, BRAT, BABU, and all the other guilds, clubs, unions, fraternities, enterprises, cliques, and organizations.

The Klopstoklan Love Song

Hank Berg's portrayal of Pete Garofolo in the search for the best Buck's Rock camper (Farfel).

The morning when Bob, Debbie, and the Prefabs raised the flag in full dress instead of raising the roof in pajamas.

When the pig refused to give birth to her eight little piglets.

The day we made contact with England.



Dr. Freud.

When the CIO built the Print Shop Annex and the Selling Stand in record breaking time.

The Dairy Tomanawks

Our "Sam" contest without the "Sam" box.



Lucifer X. Cabbage

The waterfront is closed. Do not cross dam. Do not collect insurance.

Our Buck's Rock Civil War Marching Band.

The long list of overdrawn accounts that Ernie read at meal time.

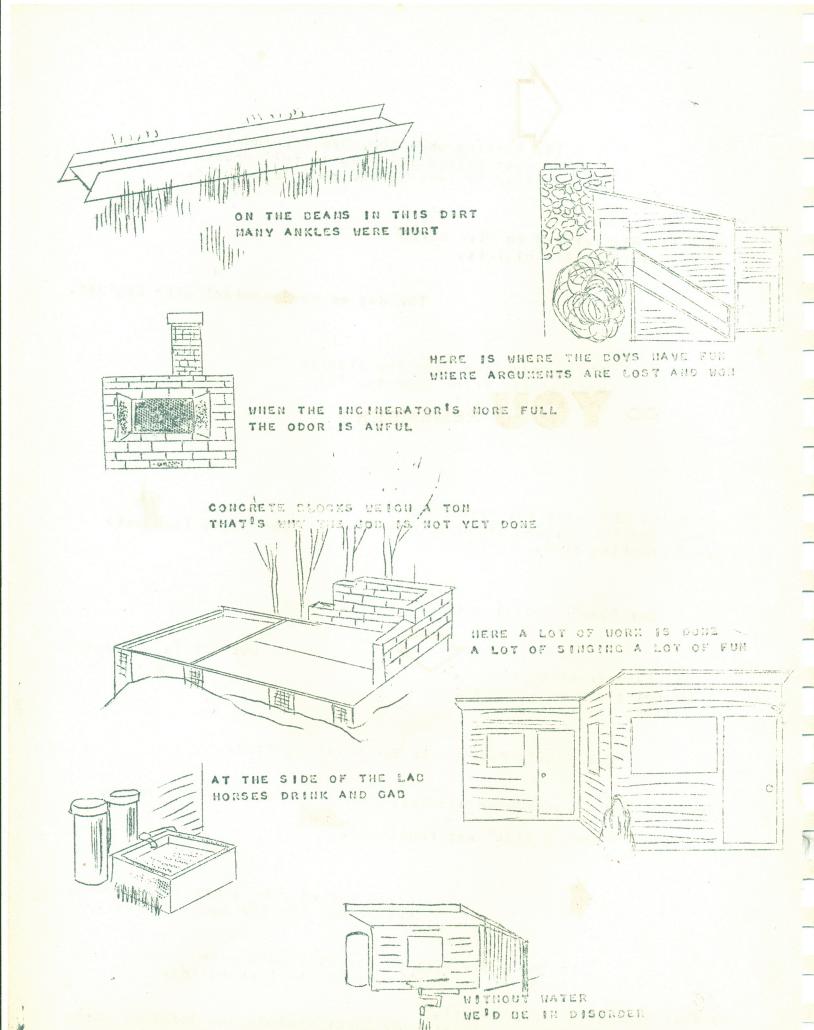
When "Munro & Stan" was repainted.

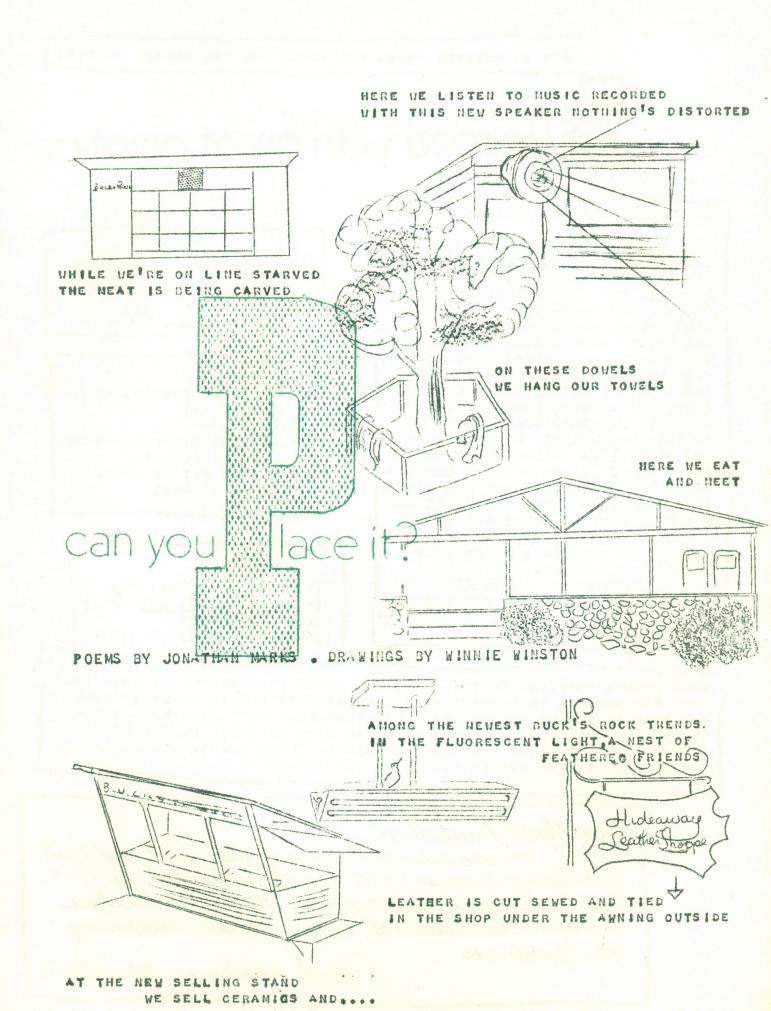


Being awakened by a car horn because the hammer for the gong was lost.

Losing a New Milford baseball game even though we hit nine runs in the last inning.

by Joel Pensky and Pete Nossal, assisted by Carol Kaufman and Jonathan Marks





To be read with great emotion..."

To be read with animation:

Are you an expert Buck-passer? Try passing bricks instead! See the leaning tower of Geist. What holds it up? It defies gravity. Observe the ever-growing walls. What makes them grow? Do they eat Buck's Rock spinach? Learn the amazing new formula for mortar, with the miracle ingredient BO-43. Learn to mix mortar under the tutelage of dapper, dynamic, Dave Dobkin. See Pete Cohen snap his 40 foot bull-whip! See the beautiful girls pass on their way to the Print Shop! Learn to make the level bubble appear. Learn the answer to the \$64,000 question, "Will the new Wood Shop be completed this year?" Watch for new practical jokes that you can pull on your favorite counselor.

COME ONE COME ALL

Try out for one of the coveted positions on the

CONSTRUCTION CREW

Participate in production on the Aminal Form.
Come and Day Eggs!

TO ALL AND SUNDARY
WHO HAVE TAKEN OTHERS AND MY
LUNDARY:

A VERY SAD FATE
AWAITS THOSE WHO MISAPPROPRIATE,
FOR THEY WILL SURELY FIND
THAT WHAT WON'T FIT IN FRONT
WILL NEVER FIT BEHIND!

Girls from the Upstairs
Girls' House, <u>RETURN</u> after
second breakfast
(and will you catch it!)

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS FROM THE PRINT SHOP WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO BE PASSING BY THE CONSTRUCTION CREW PROJECT? WHY ARE THEY NO LONGER PASSING BY? DID THEY STOP AT THE CONSTRUCTION CREW? THE BUCK'S ROCK SECRET INVESTIGATING SERVICE, HEADED BY MR. I. KATCHEM, HAS FOUND THE TRUE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS. THEY ALL SWITCHED TO THE VEGETABLE FARM. WHY DON'T YOU?

Dear Moral Print Shop,

We are reasonably moral girls and could not bear living in sin with the abduction of the 1954 yearbook on our consciences. We have therefore violated the criminal code and are returning the yearbook.

With apologies, THE CULPRITS

Are you a litter-bug?

Do you spend sleepless nights throwing papers on the ground?

Have you ever entered the Buck's Rock Tournament to see who can throw trash and miss the basket every time?

For those of you who are able to answer YES to these questions, we extend our thanks for making our job possible, for we are the SINGING SANITATION SISTERS.

As our working day comes to a close, we can release the long-a-waited news that the most widely chewed gum in camp is JUICY FRUIT with GRAPE running a close second, and DENTYNE bringing up the rear.

WE ARE WORKING OUR WAY FROM THE GROUND UP !

Affectionately, The Pick-up Girls

All those interested in golf meet at the Buck's Rock Country Club. (Here's your chance to learn how to become President.)

THERE WILL DE NO SWIMMING CLASSES TODAY - THE "OLD MASTER"
IS TIRED AND IS TAKING A DAY OFF! SO YOU MAY SAVE YOUR OWN
LIVES TODAY! GOOD LUCK.

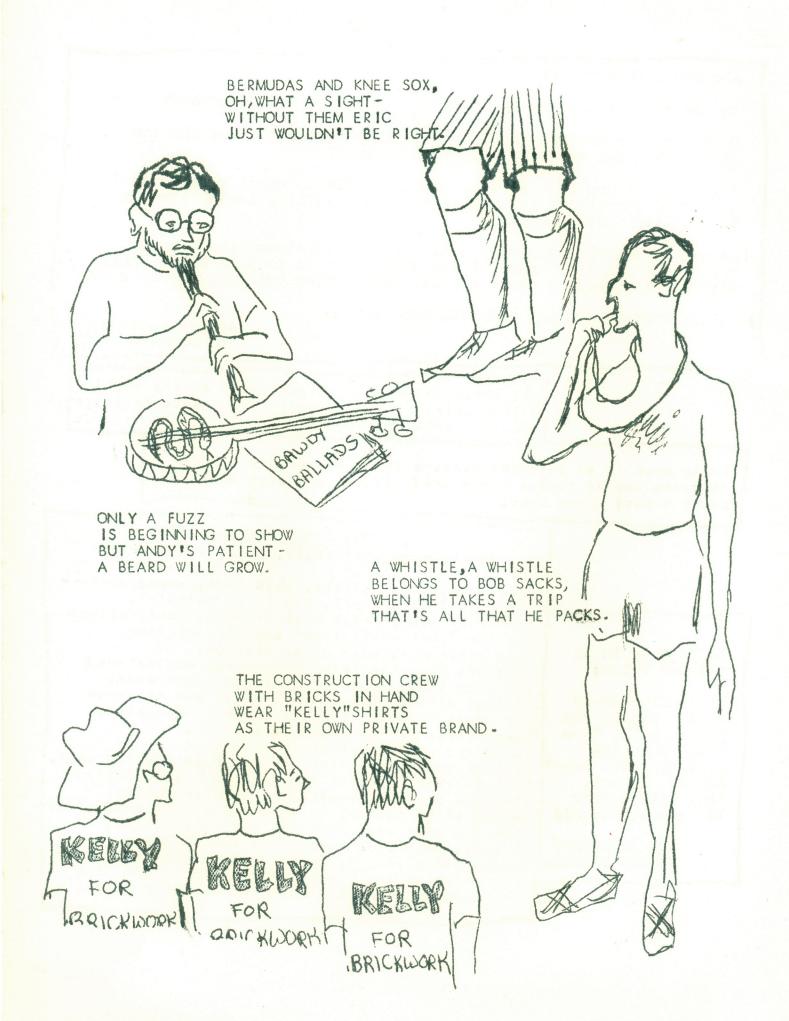
AND NOW, O GREAT JOY, ANOTHER POEM (to be read with faith, hope, and charity)

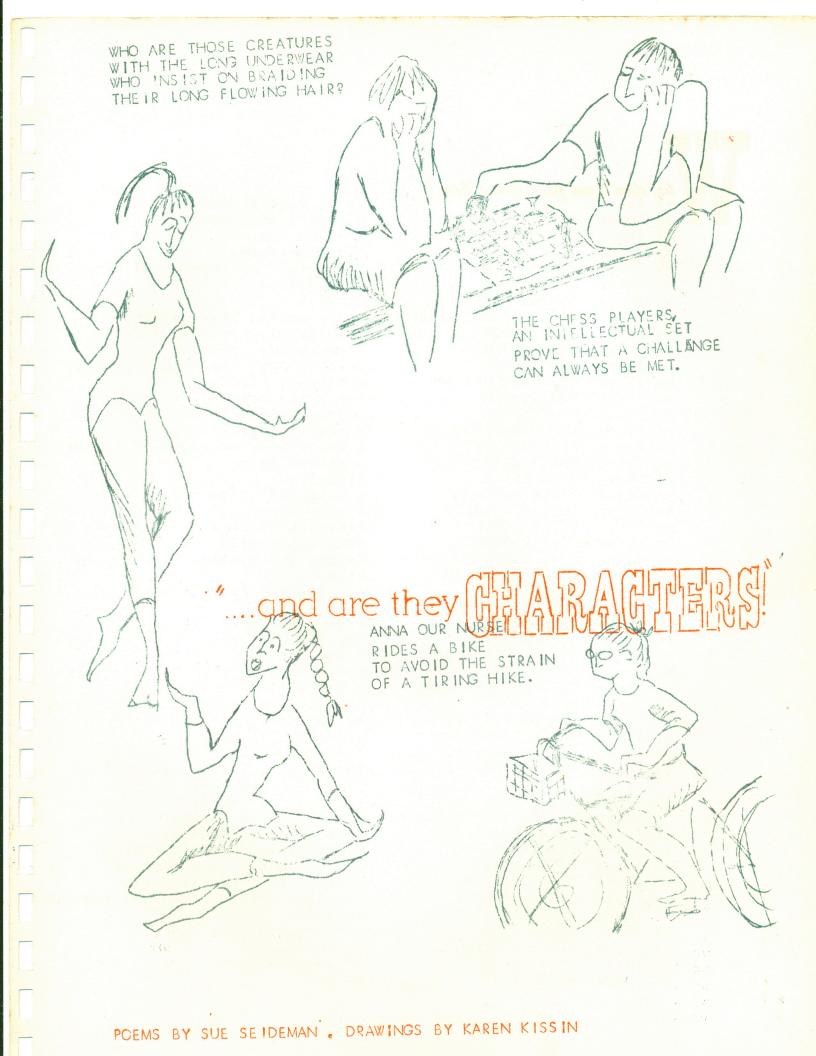
To be read in an ominous voice:

Will all members
of the female sex
please yell, "Female" when approaching the Boys!
Annex. If not,
they will suffer
the consequences!:

THE INDIGNANT SHOWER TAKERS.

Good noon, good fellows, good noon, young women -Although 'tis a lovely day to go swimmin', The Print Shop, (that most friendly institution) Has for "What shall I do" another solution: This afternoon, with great elation, We shall have the Print Shop Annex dedication! The gong shall sound when second lunch ends, So that all may see--all--enemies and friends-Our great (though slightly crooked) bungalow, Constructed by the brawn of the CIO. To admire our gracefully bowing roof We hope even Farfel will force out an excited woof. We know that you will say "Charge!" and "Bully!" When you see our magnificent shutter pulley. And so after second, we want you all to come alive When you hear Dave Ratz and his Feline Five. So come, each lady, and come, each manex Today, after second, to the magnificent dedication of the beautifully equipped and decorated Print and Publications Shop Annex.





leave ERNST BULOVA we leave ILSE BULOVA we leave JESSE ADLER DORIS ADLER we leave we leave HARRY ALLAN SARA ALLAN leave We leave ANDREW ALPERN we leave OLIVIA RIDDEL ALPI we leave DAVE ANTON we leave ANNA ANTON RED BARDEN we leave we leave DR. NOAH BARYSH leave BOB BENSON leave We. HANK BERG we leave LLOYD BERGEN ADELAIDE BERGEN leave we leave : MATTY BERGEN leave ALAN BLANK STEVE BULOVA we leave we leave LESLIE CHARLOW we leave PETER COHEN we leave CORA DIAMOND we leave DAVE DOBKIN ERIC EISENKLAM we leave we leave JOAN ESANU we leave SHIRLEY ESANU we leave PETER EUBEN JOHN GEIST We leave we leave STEVE GOLDSTE IN we leave STAN GOTTLIEB we leave MARTHA GREENBAUM we leave DAVE KATZ JEANNE KATZ we leave we leave JOYCE KIRSHBAUM we leave BARRY KORNFELD we leave JUDY KOSHETZ we leave ART LAUFER we leave MARCIA LEVY we leave DICK LEVY we leave BERNIE LEIF we leave DUTCH MAYER we leave JOAN O'ROURKE we leave LIESEL PANTKE we leave PAUL INE PETERSON we leave ALVIN PINE JERRY POLLEN we leave we leave MIMSI PRICE we leave MUNRO ROSS

Susie Popocatapeti climbing sunflowers a Dalry Queen cha-a-a-arging stock in a pottery wheel mine In hidening Delllah an automatic fly-swatter a full, miserable tool closet in a musical chamber rriding down the RR10 Grande a floody, floody two more years a scazafranic fravastan a fourth co-chairman a green station wagon of her own a second hole Simonized a boysoned arrow for sale a good woman fewer counselors to take care of reading an Aria dapper and dynamic baked a Universal Food Chopper making book a prefabricated French fry the leaning tower of Buck's Rock a Sam box more rainy days a New Milford boy done wid be troubles ob de charus an M&M a prompt CIT Acres of Crabs throwing a Girls House girl on the wheel a jolly good cello a pool in the office a well-Serviced machine a reincarnated Lucifer X. a CIT she can look down on a surprise surprise party fiddling around in Anna's chamber seconds Alvin's Rules of Order a Pollenaise mmmmmmmmmmmmm dumped

```
we leave BOB SACKS
                               a right-side-up board
                               dancing in the dark
          DEBBIE SACKS
we leave
          TONY SALETAN
                               many happy returns
we leave
          STEVE SILVER
                               a sophomore varsity
we leave
          JACK SONNENBERG
                               a seven year etch
we leave
          PHOEBE SONNENBERG
                               a leakless spray gun
we leave
                               a forum on "Politics and Chess: Are They
we leave
          JERRY STOLLER
                                       Compatible?"
                               pedalpushers
          ANNA SURASKY
we leave
                               a guaranteed pregnant cow
          PAT TRISCHMAN
we leave
                               a dissected bull's-eye
          DAN URTNOWSKI
we leave
                               challenged by Vergil
          ELSA WALBERG
we leave
                               building a lily pad
          JON WALLACH
we leave
          STAN WEISENBERG
                               a greyhound
we leave
                               WCBS
          AL WEISMAN
we leave
          MARTIN WEISS
                               a Morse gong
we leave
                               an explanation for "Measure for Measure"
          ADELE WEISS
we leave
                               talking Candidely
          DAN WILE
we leave
                               a screen test
          SUSI WILLNER
we leave
                               a two years' supply of masking tape
          JULIA WINSTON
we leave
                               fi-ing hi
          PETER YAMIN
we leave
                                  an unfloodable darkroom
            DAVID - ALLAN
   we leave
                                  a bunch of BRATS
            BEN APFELBAUM
   we leave
                                  a friendly paper cutter
             ARTHUR BIAWITZ
   we leave
                                  strumming a lullaby in Birdland
             BOB BLANK
   we leave
                                  screening at the top of her lungs
             LINDA BRENNER
   we leave
                                  an all-American giri
             JEFF CHAMBERS
   we leave
             MIKE CHERNUCHIN
                                  up a tree
   we leave
            LAURIE COHEN(female)proving it
   we leave
                                  curses! ---- again
             SELWYN COHEN
   we leave
                                  a Doberman pinscher
            LEN DWORKIN
   we leave
                                  floating in his dam
            AL EPSTEIN
   we leave
                                   a different program for every day
            ELLEN GOLDFIELD
   we leave
                                   faces silkscreened on her guitar
             ELAN GOLOMB
   we leave
                                   an explanation for everything
             JOHN HACK
   we leave
                                   a lifetime
            HEDY HARRIS
   we leave
                                   a grandchild of her own
              JANE HIMBER
   we leave
                                   a bat out of het New Milford
            STEVE HELLER
   we leave
                                  big enough to cover BR by herself
            CAROL HOFFMAN
   we leave
                                   folled by her own racket
             CAROL HOPPENFELD
   we leave
                                   a secretary to tell him how handson he is
              JON KONHEIM
   we leave
            MARTIN LACHMAN
                                  Melvin
   we leave
                                   letting her hair down
             ELIZABETH LAUTER
   we leave
                                   a universal vegetable
             DAVID LAW
      leave
             ELIOT LERMAN
                                   a Benson burner
   We.
      leave
                                   a Bikini
              STAN LIEBOWITZ
   we leave
                                  Will-ingly committed
             JUDY LOBER
   we leave
                                   spraying her ankle
             BARBARA MILLER
   we leave
                                   standing at the selling stand watching..
             ANN MORRISON
   we leave
                                   forms
             JERRY RINDLER
   we leave
                                   the old Mill stream
             RICHARD ROSENOW
   we leave
                                   having a kitten (when she reads the will.
              BARBARA ROSS
   we
      leave
                                   a one-way ticket to the Print Shop
             PETER STOCKMAN
   we leave
                                   a university
              RICHARD TRAUM
   we leave
             OLLIE WEIL
                                   mixing slip-sheets
   we leave
                                   a polished pine
              JUDY WEISS
   we leave
                                   a name arter all
              ELLY WILE
   we leave
                                   otherwise employed
             WINNIE WINSTON
   we leave
                                   $250,000 on the condition....
              STUART WURTZEL
   we leave
              BERNARD ZUCKER
                                   shooting
   we leave
```

"together...."

Buck's Rock is a wonderful place, and I'm glad came.

important lesson Buck's Rock has to teach. I think though, that for me it has meant finding out who I am in this world. If not finding out what I'm here for, at least beginning to discover what I want to be here for.

I have made discoveries about myse!f and about other people so that I
can better see where I stand, I can better judge where I go from here. I hope,
and I be!:eve, that I am somewhat less
an immature dependent child than when I
came here. I have made some friends who
are looking for the same things I am,
and we hope to look for these things
together.

This, I think, is the basic reason
I am grateful to Buck's Rock.

NAOMI ADELMAN



ANDREW ALLAND
MARK ANTON

48 Maplewood Ave. West Hartford, Conn. AD 2 5261
11 Dorset Road Great Neck, NY GR 2 4727
1339 Boynton Ave. Bronx 72 T1 2 6858

BMARK BASKIR BROBERT BERGEN 1620 Avenue I. Bklyn. 30 NA 8 6363 195 Harvard Ave. Rockville Centre, NY RO 4 2065

CHARLES CANTOR
ALAN CHARTOCK
FREDERIC CHERNER
STEVEN CHERNER
LAURENCE COHEN

90 Piccadilly Downs Lynbrook, NY LY 3 7778 50 W. 96th St. Man. 25 RI 9 4490 99-45 67th Road Forest Hills, NY IL 9 8356 99-45 67th Road Forest Hills, NY IL 9 8356 70 Greenacres Ave. Scarsdale, NY SC 3 7789

DRONALD DANZIG
RICHARD DAYNARD
NICK DELBANCO
DAVID DORSKY
JOHN DREHER
ROY DUBOFF

553 Manor Ridge Road Pelham, NY
55 Central Park West Man, 23
T5 Lookout Circle Larchmont, NY
TE 4 4790
38 Old Pond Road Great Neck, NY
GR 2 2576
57 Moran Place New Rochelle, NY
NE 2 8728
137-14 Francis Lewis Blvd-Lauretton, NY LA 8 8448

E BILLY EINHORN MICHAEL EISENBERG WARREN ESANU 417 E. 38th St. Paterson, NJ 1680 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 30 43-34 Union St. Flushing, NY LA 5 1156 CL 2 1091 FL 8 6510

FROBERT FABER ROBERT FELL STEVEN FIGLER PAUL FRANK DANIEL FUCHS	L38-31 234th St. Laurelton, NY 515 R. S. Blvd. Long Beach, NY 208 Angler Ave. Palm Beach, Fla. 17 Ritchie Drive Yonkers, NY 81-43 192nd St. Jamaica 23, NY	LA 5 5887 GE 2 4660 VI 4 0560 YO 3 6128 HO 8 1050
PETER GAGE MARTIN GANZGLASS HARMON GARFINKEL ETHAN GETO JEFFREY GILBERT STEVEN GOLDMARK HENRY GOLDSTEIN JEFFREY GROSSMAN JCHN GRUEN	78-11 Main St. Flushing, NY 2825 Webb Ave. Bronx 68 92 Virginia Ave. Freeport, NY 940 Grand Concourse Bronx 52 345 E. 58th St. Man. 22 8 Oak Drive Great Neck, NY 183 E. Devonia Ave. Mount Vernon, NY 77 Hanson Place Malverne, NY 4561 Fieldston Road Bronx 71	AX 7 0746 KI 3 4408 FR 9 1685 JE 8 72!! PL 3 1125 HU 2 8618 MO 7 778! LY 9 5912 KI 3 5373
HALAN HACK JIMMY HARRIS BROOK HART CHARLES HOLLANDER	85 Strong St. Bronx 68 15 South Drive Larchmont, NY 306 Melbourne Road Great Neck, NY 2780 University Ave. Bronx 68	K! 6 3058 TE 4 5569 HU 2 6357 K! 3 8370
RAYMOND INGRAM	66 Woodbrook Road .White Plains, NY	WH 9 5742
J STEVEN JAFFE ANDREW JAMPOLER	976 E. 23rd St. Bklyn. 10 67 9 75 152nd St. Kew Gardens, NY	CL 2 6236 LI 4 0931
STEVEN KAGLE HOWARD KARGER DANIEL KIRSCH JOEL KLAUSMAN ROBERT KLEIN BERT KLEINMAN RICHARD KOHN CHARLES KOSHETZ STANLEY KOTLER STEPHEN KURTZER	287 St. John's Ave. Yonkers, NY 70 Fayette Road Scarsdale, NY 429 Heath Place Hackensack, NJ 110-35 68th Ave. Forest Hills 75 Central Park West Man. 23 67-84 Groton St. Forest Hills, NY 1225 Park Ave. Man. 28 387 E. 4th St. Bklyn. 18 250 W. 94th St. Man. 25 611 W. 239th St. Bronx 63	YO 5 7564 SC 5 0245 HU 7 3337 LI 4 4792 TR 7 1810 BO 8 4251 SA 2 6153 GE 6 8431 MO 2 7892 KI 8 3160

85 Birchall Drive Scarsdale, NY SC 3 7798

L DAN LANDER

RICHARD LEE STANLEY LEVINE ARTHUR LEVI STEPHEN LIPPMAN STEVEN LIPSON DAVID LUBELL	192 Lincoln Place Tuckahoe 7, NY 13 Stokes Road Yonkers, NY 205 Melbourne Road Great Neck, NY 343 E. 35th St. Paterson, NJ 800 Grand Concourse Bronx 51 Mt. Airy Rd. Croton-on Hudson, NY	WO 8647 SP 9 347 GR 2 3760 LA 3 7096 MO 5 0091 CR 3432
M JEFFREY MANN JONATHAN MARKS ROBERT MARTIN JIMMY MCBRIDE	780 West End Ave. Man. 25 117-16 Park Lane South Kew Gardens, NY 28 Shadetree Lane Roslyn Heights, NY 230 Riverside Drive Man. 25	RO 3 4621
N. DANIEL NATCHEZ STEPHEN NEWMAN KENNETH NEWROCK PETER NOSSAL	617 The Parkway Mamaroneck, NY 98 Atkinson Road Rockville Centre, NY 136 Berry St. Valley Stream, NY 982 E. 23rd St. Bklyn. 10	MA 9 0479 RO 4 4336 T1 4 8699 ES 7 6405
P JONATHAN PAULSON JOEL PENSKY DANIEL PERL HERBERT PIANIN DAVID PINES DANNY PORESKY		MA 9 1460 BE 6 1100 TW 6 1915 LY 3 9054 TA 2 0957 HE 2 8493
RICHARD ROSS	142 Rocklyn Ave. Lynbrook, NY 720 Rt. Washington Ave. Man. 40 3720 Bedford Ave. Bklyn. 29 28 Magnolia Lane Roslyn Heights, NY 2772 Eastern Parkway Bklyn. 38 2641 Marion Ave. Bronx 58 Searingtown Road Roslyn, NY Searingtown Road Roslyn, NY 5 The Tulips Roslyn Estates, NY	LY 9 2086 WA 3 3571 NA 8 4237 RO 3 1989 NE 8 9740 FO 5 8885 RO 3 5226 RO 3 5226 RO 3 2657
S ALAN SALTZMAN FRED SCHLOESSINGER IRA SIEGEL STANLEY SIEGEL ALAN SNYDER WILLIAM SOHN	1002 E. 8th St. Bklyn. 30 2121 Beekman Place Bklyn. 25 360 Cabrini Blvd. Man. 40	IL 9 6829 GR 2 8216 NA 8 0006 BU 7 1456 WA 8 4657 OL 2 8897

SALAN SPANIER SJEFFREY SPANIER CARL STEWART RICHARD SUSSMAN	92 Wildwood Road Great Neck, NY 92 Wildwood Road Great Neck, NY 48 Club Drive Roslyn Heights, NY 3488 Wilson Ave. Bronx 69	GR RO	2 3	4616 4616 3990 5649
TBEN TELLER	920 Ocean Ave, Bklyn. 26	BU	2	3300
RICHARD WIENER	56 Rugby Road Bklyn. 26 62-53 Alderton St. Rego Park 74, NY 23 Flower Road Valley Stream, NY 1165 Park Ave. Man. 28 1950 E. Tremont Ave. Bronx 62 94-10 64th Road Rego Park 74, NY	HA VA AT UN	9 5 9 3	3011 3085 7398 6976 3507 0452
7 LEONARD ZIR	680 Ft. Washington Ave. Man. 40	WA	7	3110



	NAOMI ADELMAN
post	JANE AGRANOFF
	SHERRY AMSTERDAM
	JEAN ANTON
	THELMA AIDMON
	GAIL ANGRIST

		-
1032 E. 23rd St. Bklyn, 10	CL 8-2078	
48 Maplewood Ave, West Hartford,	Conn. AD 2 5261	
65 Central Park West Man. 23	EN 2 9487	
1339 Boynton Ave. Bronx 72	7.1 2 6858	
1041 Kipling Road Elizabeth NJ	EL 4 1795	
1005 Kipling Road Elizabeth NJ	EL 2 3692	

MARJORIE BAER
RIMA BERG
DEENA BERLIANT
JANE BERLIANT
ELIZABETH BERLINER
EVELYN BERMAN
SUSAN BERMAN.
DEBORAH BERSIN
SUSAN BLAZER
ELLIN BLISS
BARBARA BULOVA
CAROL BUSCH
AVA BRY

255 Ft. Washington Ave. NY 32 WA 3 77 6330 Cromwell Crescent Rego Park, NY TW 7 66 10 Orchard St. Great Neck, NY GR 2 13 10 Orchard St. Great Neck, NY GR 2 13	
10 Orchard St. Great Neck, NY GR 2 13 10 Orchard St. Great Neck, NY GR 2 13	11
10 Orchard St. Great Neck, NY GR 2 13	18
10 01 011 01 01 01 01 01 01 01 01 01 01	58
	58
Glengary Road Croton on Hudson, NY CR 1 33	56
2212 Lyon Ave. Bronx 61 UN 3 03	57
138 Columbia Heights Bklyn. 1 UL 5 69	90
451 Westminster Road Bklyn. 18 IN 2 110	00
48 13th Ave. Paterson, NJ LA 3 15	44
63 Glenlawn Ave. Sea Cliff, NY GL 4 53	76
50 Elm St. Glens Falls, NY GL 2 30	23
155 Craig Ave. Freeport, NY . FR 9 85	88
457 Richmond Ave. Maplewood, NJ SO 2 43	94

1	ELEANOR CHAMBERS ELVA CHERNOW
	MARGO CHUSID SIDNEY CULLINEN
	JIDIAL I COLL HALIA

601 W. 160th St. Man. 32	WA	3	4623
50 Burton Ave. Woodmere, NY			1607
74 Parcot Ave. New Rochelle, NY			5029
35-45 223rd St. Bayside, NY	BA	9	2963

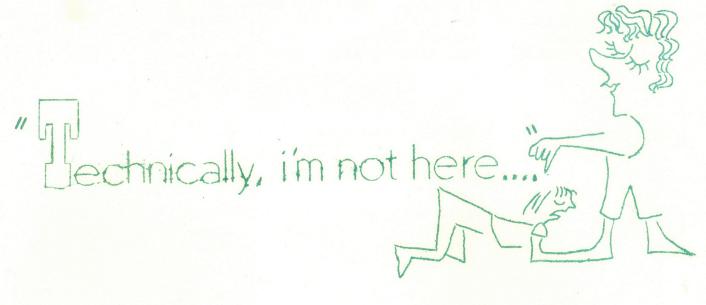
D BARBARA DAVIDSON ELLA DOBKIN

56 Milburn Lane Roslyn, NY 2550 University Ave. Bronx 68 RO 3 2517 CY 5 4977

ELLEN EISENBERG KAREN EISENBERG FELICE ELIAS ROBERTA ELIAS LOIS ENGELSON	141 E. 19th St. Bklyn. 26 143 Douglas Ave. Yonkers, MY 4 Longview Ave. Scarsdale, NY 4 Longview Ave. Scarsdale, NY 2212 Lyon Ave. Bronx 62	BU 4 0.883 YC 8 5071 SC 5 0273 SC 5 0273 TY 2 6080
JULIE EUBEN	141-42 - 70th Road Flushing 67, NY	BO 3 8480
FCAROL FUCHS	81-43 - 192nd Street Jamaica 23, NY	HO 8 1050
JUDY GILBERT JUDY GINGOLD JOAN GLASSHEIM BELINDA GOLD ELLEN GOLD BARBARA GOLDSTEIN JANET GOLDSTEIN RUTH GCLDSTEIN DEBORAH GORDON MAIDA GORDON ELLEN GRAND RUTH GROSSMAN	118-25 237 st. Street Cambria Hights: NY 617 West End Ave. Man. 24 325 West End A e. Man. 23 3616 Henry Hudson Pkway. Bronx 63 1900 Newkirk Ave. Bklyn. 26 599 West 190th Street Man 40 183 East Devonia Ave Mount Vernon, NY 3009 Kingsbridge Terrace Bronx 63 58 Sterling Street Bklyn. 25 199-80 Keno Ave. Holliswood, NY 3240 Henry Hudson Parkway Bronx 63 138 Livingston Ave. New Brunswick, NJ	LA 5 8097 TR 7 6450 SC 4 2034 KI 3 6199 UL 9 1043 WA 3 7570 MO 7 7781 KI 3 0395 BU 2 4189 HO 5 3100 KI 6 2700 CH 9 4322
CAROL HERZENBERG LINDA HERZENBERG NANCY HIRSCH ELLEN HOLLANDER CAROL HYMAN SUZIE HYMAN		SA 2 5173 SA 2 5173 IN 2 2302 KI 3 8370 AC 2 4470 LI 4 8170
ARLENE KAGLE ILENE KAPLAN PAULA KATZ CAROL KAUFMAN BARBARA KINZLER KAREN KISSIN SUSAN KOHN JANET KONIG KAREN KRASNER JUDY KRASNOW	7 Eastdale Road White Plains, NY 175 West 93rd Street Man. 25 585 Park Ave. Cedarhurst, NY 7 West 81st Street Man. 24 186 Pinehurst Ave. Man. 33	YO 5 7564 WH 6 9294 RI 9 6303 CE 9 7739 TR 4 5468 WA 3 0291 SA 2 6153 MA 2 7527 SC 5 1344 YO 8 6322

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	ELLEN LARSEN LOIS LEMPEL JULIE LEVIN CAROLE LEWIS	18 Lynack Road Hawthorne, NJ 230 W. 105th St. NY 25 3850 Sedgwick Ave. Bronx 63 3488 Wilson Ave. Bronx 69	HA 7 4843 RI 9 4514 KI 6 2077 OL 2 3683
	MERICA MANN REBECCA MANOIL JOYCE MAZUR JOAN MILLER BARBARA MILLMAN JUDITH MINOFF HELEN MOSES	211 Central Park West Man. 24 314 Chemung St. Waverly NY 1586 Stevenson Road Hewlett NY 67-85 Exeter St. Forest. Hills NY 15 Farmer Road Great Neck, NY 444 E. 38th Paterson, NJ 1575 Unionport Road Bronx 62	EN 2 1831 WAVERLY 390 FR 4 4398 BO 8 5092 GR 2 4362 SH 2 5228 UN 3 0978
	OLYDIA ORENS	422 E. 38th St. Paterson, NJ	SH 2 8398
	PSUZANNE PANKEN PDIANA PAULSON GAIL PIERCE BARBARA PINE SUSAN PINES MARION PERKIS NANCY PRINCE	2675 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 29 14 Anchor Road Rye, NY 45 Christopher St. Man. 14 9 Central Drive Great Neck, NY 1595 Unionport Road Bronx 62 285 Central Park West Man. 24 300 Ft. Washington Ave. NY 32	N1 8 3680 MA 9 1460 C附 2 6176 GR 2 1859 TA 2 0957 SC 4 8712 WA 3 7960
	RAMY RASKIN JOAN RINDLER CLAUDIA ROSENBERG GINGER ROTHMAN ALLENE RUBIN	118 E. 93rd St. NY 28 186 Riverside Drive Man. 24 75 Spruce Drive Roslyn, NY 314 West 100th St. NY 25 39 South Drive Great Neck, NY	AT 9 2791 TR 7 7882 AC 2 7060 GR 2 8595
	S BARBARA SAMUELS MARJORIE SAPHIER PHYLLIS SEAMAN GAIL SCHIFFER JOAN SCHLOESSINGER ALICE SCHWEIG ELENA SEGAL SUSAN SHAPIRO SUSAN SEIDEMAN JO-ANN SEITMAN MARILYN SEITMAN	46 Beverly Road Great Neck, NY 1070 Links Road Woodmere NY 600 E. 26th St. Bklyn 10 1351 E. 29th St. Bklyn 10 54 Beverly Road Great Neck, NY 355 Pelhamdale Ave. Pelham, NY 2101 Tiebout Ave. Bronx 57 15 Pell Place New Rochelle, NY 88 Kings Cross Scarsdale, NY 350 Central Park West Man. 25 350 Central Park West Man. 25	GR 2 7567 FR 4 1945 GE 4 6151 ES 7 0952 GR 2 8216 PE 8 3055 SE 3 8355 NE 6 6728 SC 5 1355 UN 5 4671 UN 5 4671

SNATALIE SIEGEL ROSALIE SIEGEL JUDITH SILBERSTEIN CYNTHIA SILVER CAROL SMITH KAREN STEINBERG DIANE STOLLER SUSAN SWICK	16 E. 98th St. Man. 29 51 Arleigh Road Great Neck, NY	AT GR IN AD IL KI	922398	5729 1157 5571 2942
VIANE VICTOR	3508 Kings College Place Bronx 67	KI	7	9225
WSUSAN WARSHALL EDITH WEBSTER SHEILA WHITE MARY WOLF	56 Rugby Road Bklyn. 26 325 West End Ave. Man. 23 40 Shore Blvd. Bklyn. 35 962 Allen Lane Woodmere, NY	TR DE	3	3011 1025 2646 0324



ADAVID ALLAN BEN APFELBAUM	813 E. 51st St. Bklyn. 3 717 Webster Ave. New Rochelle, NY	IN 9 1466 NE 6 4666
BARTHUR BIAWITZ BBOB BLANK LINDA BRENNER	37 Inwood St. Yonkers, NY 99-55 65th Ave. Forest Hills, NY 1114 Prospect Ave. Melrose Pk. 26, Pa.	1
C JEFFREY CHAMBERS MICHAEL CHERNUCHIN LAURIE COHEN SELWYN COHEN	601 W. 160th St. Man. 32 610 West End Ave. Man. 24 1136 Coolidge Road Elizabeth, NJ 1187 E. 214th St. Bronx 69	WA 3 4623 TR 7 5702 EL 5 1923 OL 2 6045
DLECNARD DWORKIN	1845 Andrews Ave. Bronx 53	CY 9 3665
E ALBERT EPSTEIN	806 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 23	DE 9 8357
GELLEN GOLDFIELD	1121 Kipling Road Elizabeth, NJ 2121 Westbury Court Bklyn. 25	EL 5 3063 IN 2 2857

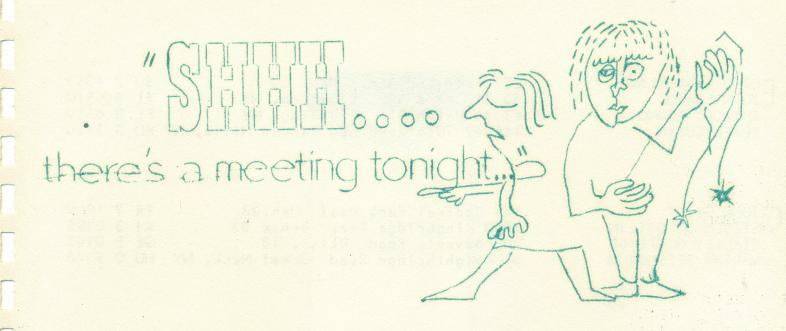
85 Strong St. Bronx 68 Hillandale Road Portchester, NY

HEDY HARRIS

K! 6 3058

WE 9 1448

HIMBER STEPHEN HELLER CAROL HÖFFMAN CAROL HÖPPENFELD		OR . BO	2	1221 1537 2452 1877
KICH KONHEIM	500 West End Ave. Man. 24	TR	7	39 <mark>9</mark> 9
L MARTIN LACHMAN ELIZABETH LAUTER DAVID LAW ELIOT LERMAN STANLEY LIEBOWITZ JUDITH LOBER	2514 Washington St. Allentown, Pa. 3616 Henry Hudson Pkwy. Bronx 63 609 N. President Ave. Lancaster, Pa. 2306 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 29 1589 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 30 306 Westwood Road Woodmere, NY	KI LA ES CL	8 3 5 2	6364 3121 4581 0747 5075 0981
MARBARA MILLER ANN MORRISON	67-85 Exeter St. Forest Hills, NY 162-01 Powells Cove Bird Beechhurst, NY	BO	8	5092 1943
RICHARD ROSENOW BARBARA ROSS		FO	5	7722 8885 6688
Speter Stuckman	I Colonial Lane Larchment, NY	TE.	4	4311
TRICHARD TRAUM	200 W. 86th St. Man. 24	EN	2	7047
WOLLIE WEIL JUDY WEISS ELEANOR WILE JULEON WINSTON STUART WURTZEL	9851 65th Ave. Rego Park 74, NY 1520 Archer Road Bronx 62, NY 74 Burton Ave. Woodmere, NY 48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers 4, NY 251 Conklin Ave. Hillside, NJ	UN FR YO	3 4 3	4668 3047 3206 7417 7430
ZBERNARD ZUCKER	129 E. 38th St. Bklyn. 3	PR	4	7224



ERNST & ILSE BULOVA

3750 Hudson Manor Ter. Riverdale, NY KI 8 3908

A JESSE & DORIS ADLER
AHARRY & SARA ALLAN
ANDREW ALPERN
OLIVIA RIDDEL ALPI
DAVE & ANNA ANTON

E 196 Concord Drive Paramus, NJ CO 19054 813 E. 51st St. Bklyn.3 IN 9 1466 41 W. 82nd St. Man.24 EN 2 8460 347 W. 145th St. Man, 31 1339 Boynton Ave. Bronx 72 T1 2 6858

DGERALD (RED) BARDEN

DDR. NOAH BARYSH

BOB BENSON

HANK BERG

LLOYD & ADELAIDE BERGEN

MATTHEW BERGEN

ALAN BLANK

STEPHEN BULOVA

120 Brookside Road Darien, Conn.

Main St. New Milford, Conn.

7 Monfort Drive Huntington, NY

75-04 184th St. Flushing 66, NY

Bolles School Jacksonville, Fla.

195 Harvard Ave. Rockville Centre, NY RO 4 2065

99-55 65th Ave. Forest Hills, NY

1630 Yale Station New Haven, Conn.

C LESLIE CHARLOW
PETER COHEN

2165 Chatterton Ave. Bronx 72 TA 9 0480 70 Greenacres Ave. Scarsdale, NY SC 3 7789

DORA DIAMOND DAVID DOBKIN

975 Walton Ave. Bronx 52 2550 University Ave. Bronx 68 JE 7 1074 CY 5 4977

The first party of the second

277 West End Ave. Man. 23 SU 7 4057 TERIC EISENKLAM 43-34 Union St. Flushing, NY FL 8 6519
43-34 Union St. Flushing, NY FL 8 6519 LJOAN ESANU SHIRLEY ESANU 141-42 70th Road Kkw Garden Hills, NY BO 3 8480 PETER EUBEN 145 Central Park West Man. 23 3009 Kingbridge Ter. Bronx 63 JOHN GEIST 3009 Kingbridge Ter. Bronx 63 KI 3 0395 303 Beverly Road Bklyn. 18 GE 5 0198 STEVEN GOLDSTEIN STANLEY GOTTLIEB 60 Knightbridge Road Great Neck, NY HU 2 5386 MARTHA GREENBAUM K DAVE & JEANNE KATZ 37-21 80th St. Jackson Heights 72, NY HI 6 7187 245 Sullivan Place Bklyn. 25 PR 8 6936 105-10 65th Road Forest Hills 75, NY IL 9 0204 BARRY KORNFELD 387 E. Fourth St. Bklyn. 18 GE 6 8431 JUDY KOSHETZ 960 Park Ave. Man. 28

RE 4 8944

444 Central Park West Man. 25

61 Stoneyside Drive Larchmont, NY

TE 4 3965 ARTHUR LAUFER MARCIA LEVY RICHARD LEVY UL 6 7710 39 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 25 BERNIE LEIF

A.S. 1. 1997. AELEANOR (DUTCH) MAYER 1010 California Pl. S. Island Pk., NY GE 2 5004

1015 S. California Pl. Island Park, NY GE 2 0822 JOAN O'ROURKE

GR 5 3561 224 Sullivan St. Man. 12 DLIESEL PANTKE TY 3 9203 WA 8 3207 Priest River, Idaho PAULINE PETERSON 1357 Noble Ave. Bronx 72 105 Pinehurst Ave. Man. 33 ALVIN PINE JERRY POLLEN 109 Woodmere Blvd. Woodmere, NY WO FR 4 1265 MIMSIE PRICE

RMUNRO ROSS

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And to Elly Wile, editor of the Yearbook last year, and CIT of the Print Shop this year, our deepest appreciation for giving so enthusiastically of her effort, her talent, and her inspiration. She truly exemplifies our theme of this year—the spirit of Buck's Rock.

is I name on the staff?

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nd above all, thanks to all who inked the rollers, ran pages upside down, messed up pages, spilled ink on machines and each other and otherwise added to the great sense of fun and accomplishment achieved by all who have worked, in the spitit of Buck's Rock, on the 1956 Yearbook.

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We come to this camp from far away places. On the first day a man stands up, tells us about the camp, and extending his hands he ends his talk with, "Here are your opportunities."

within us---the energy that has flowed from a thousand sources into nailing a board on the Print Shop annex, or portraying a part in the "Shy and the Lonely," or selling vegetables to unwilling parents.

WE WORK A ONE because we are alone. Each of us is a separate body with experiences and values that will never be duplicated. Ve alone can truly understand our own soul.

We work alone together because in cooperative working, moments of understanding and love may be shared, moments so holy that the angels looking down from heaven are jealous.

DAN WILE

